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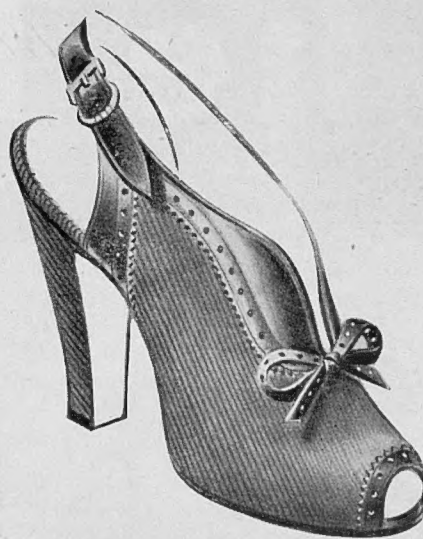
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THE
TATLER
and BYSTANDER



Bassano

EARL FORTESCUE

One of the judges of hunters at Dublin Horse Show at Ball's Bridge (see overleaf) was Earl Fortescue, C.B., O.B.E., M.C. who has been Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire since 1936. Both Earl and Countess Fortescue are very fine judges of hunters and hacks, and their services have been in great request at shows this season. Earl Fortescue, who has had a distinguished military career and was on the General Staff for four years during the war, lives at Castle Hill, Barnstaple, where he and the Countess entertained Princess Elizabeth when she visited Exeter last winter. They have two daughters, Lady Margaret Fortescue, and Lady Elizabeth Baxendale



PORTRAITS IN PRINT

Sean Fielding

THIS commentary has necessarily to be written some days before the Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, makes known to the country what he thinks it should do to be saved. This, from a personal point of view, is just as well, for I am thus enabled to state, before the event, a belief to which I have held fast since the war's end: unless the country regains its grip upon, and understanding of, spiritual values, it is as surely lost as the soul of Faust. No harder work, no longer hours, no cut in luxuries or essentials, no stripped breakfast table, will avail if this be not so. Neither man nor nation lives by bread alone, and this is an eternal truth—a truth which, of late years, has lain forgotten and unrecognized in the dust of passing feet.

The hard crust of cant and hypocrisy, of cheating and chiselling, of backsliding and cynicism, must be shed and each must look within himself for regeneration. Is it so very difficult to remember that a thousand years have gone to mould the character of this nation which always at its greatest moments of success or peril has put material things second and those of the spirit first? Is this plain truth still to be denied?

That the flame still burns within us I do not doubt. It is there as ever it was, and as we all of us found in that darkest (and finest) hour seven long years ago.

Blow upon it brothers, and let it leap and shine as it shone when the lights of all Europe but ours went out under the dank, sable cloak of militant Nazidom. In those days every man was of giant's stature and the wrath of the righteous was in him. So must it be again. And so *will* it be again.

Human Scorpion

It is occasionally sobering, and instructive, to consider the odd tricks that fate and history, linked, play upon us. This comes to mind by reason of a photograph (in *The Times* of recent date). It showed an old house under reconstruction. Now this house was the birthplace of one of the most infamous figures in our long story—the conspirator Titus Oates. This justly reviled and odious person might well have expected his name to have remained, as it does, in the printed word; but he can scarcely have hoped that posterity would be vouchsafed the very bricks and mortar which encompassed him at birth. Yet this is the fact and those who are in the vicinity of Hastings may see them.

Oates (1649-1705) was the son of an Anabaptist preacher who was, for a time, rector of All Saints' Church, Hastings. He followed his father's bent on leaving Cambridge, apparently taking Anglican orders, but was very soon in the sort of trouble which later brought him so much notoriety and which ended with his name being an hissing and a byword. He brought malicious charges against his brothers of the cloth and came very near to prosecution for perjury. A spell as chaplain in the Navy did nothing to curb either his tongue or his pen and as a result he was soon looking for another job.

At this point he fell in with Dr. Israel Tonge, a semi-demented old fathead who was consistently printing pamphlets "to alarm and awake His Majesty's subjects," to the Jesuit plots he alleged were brewing. This was just Oates's cup of tea. Plots, real or imaginary—preferably the latter—were what he lived for; accordingly he posed as a Roman Catholic, the better to get, or manufacture, his evidence. He gained entrance to at least two Jesuit colleges (being dismissed from them for scandalous conduct) and finally, in June, 1678, returned to Tonge to forge a plot of the most circumstantial and malignant kind. He wrote the whole story in Greek characters and this was

copied into English by Tonge and given to one of Charles II's confidential servants, Kirkby.

Money for Massacre

FROM that moment on, the name of Oates was seldom out of men's mouths. His testimonies were shown a dozen times to be false and forged, but the strong cross-currents of English politics were such that he was not discredited; on the contrary, by further forgeries and by a series of lucky accidents (lucky, that is, for the bold Oates), he caught and held popular support and had the macabre satisfaction of seeing the July 18 (1679) slaughter of Jesuits and Roman Catholics. Moreover, out of the whole affair, he was able to retire upon the substantial pension of £600 a year. This he enjoyed until Charles died and James II proceeded to take some of the pride out of his hide. Convicted at long last of perjury, Oates received a severe sentence, with repeated floggings, the execution of which was expected to kill him, and which was rigorously carried out; but to the astonishment of all he survived and spent the next three and a half years in prison.

Again then fate relented for him. He appealed against his sentence and the Commons (against the judgment of the Lords), annulled it and settled the matter by giving the reprobate a pension of £300 a year. The remainder of his life was spent in retirement and a good deal more sordid intrigue. He married a wealthy widow, fleeced her, and then became a member of the Baptist Church, which institution he took down for a considerable sum in the shortest possible space of time. He was expelled from the sect, and finally died in July, 1705.

Thus, Titus Oates, near whose house the Luftwaffe, in 1942, dropped a stick of bombs, doing considerable damage. Its present owner is Mr. Stephen A. Isles, for more than twenty years the custodian of Hastings Castle, who tells me that all the old beams and bricks are being used for restoration. "Some of the beams," he says, "are old ship's timbers nineteen inches thick and twenty feet long. They were fixed in by pegs and the cement used was cow dung. Clearly this was very effective, for there is no trace of dry rot in the house after all these years."

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

Ballade: "Love's Enigma"

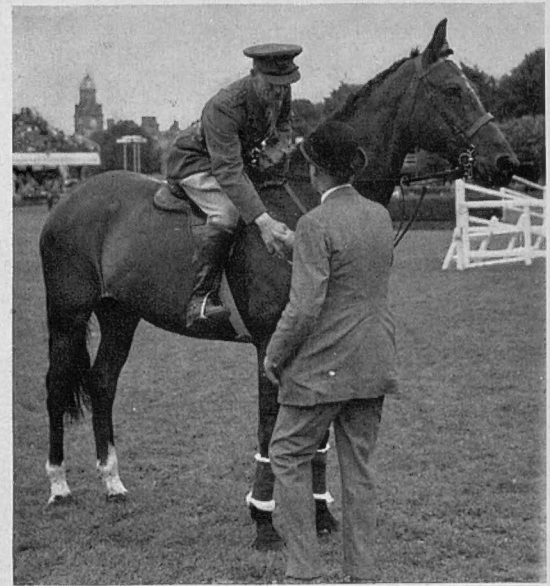
And is this you? And is that me?
My thumb? Your eye? My ribs? Your knee?
So close this loving!
Or is this me and is that you?
And we were strangers till the queue
Started their shoving!

Your tendril hair between my teeth—
Your suitcase with my ear beneath—
There's no dividing!
Stay still! Love ordered we should meet!
Stay still! Each time you move my feet
Take a good hiding.

Ah! Let the entity that's us
Surge onward, upward, to this bus;
Someone's alighting.
Four lungs that gasp as one, twin hearts
And other interwoven parts,
Sharing the fighting.

Ah! Is she in? Or am I out?
And did I get a frightful clout
Bang in my middle?
And was it she who used me thus?
And was that really the last bus?
That is the riddle.

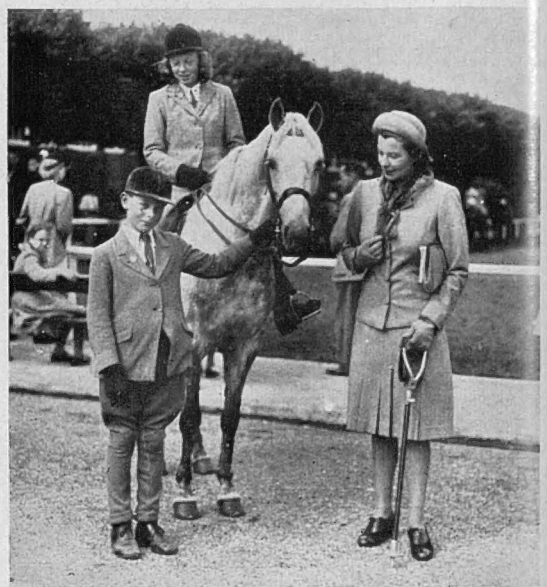
J. R.



Lt.-Col. J. J. Lewis (Eire Army) receiving the winning rosette for the Military Jumping competition from Mr. John Ryan



Mrs. A. B. J. Scott, wife of the captain of the British jumping team, Col. Paul Rodzianko, the famous horseman, and Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, joint judge of ladies' hunters



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally-Stourton, of Corbalton Hall, Co. Meath, with her son Nigel and daughter Vanessa on Tinker Bell

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW:



Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall, the well-known Irish owner, with the Duchess of Westminster in the enclosure



Mr. Dominick More O'Ferrall with Lady Pichard Jones, wife of Sir John Pichard Jones, in the Members' enclosure



Mrs. W. Fitzgerald with Mrs. R. More O'Ferrall, who is the mother of Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall, the owner



Fennell, Dublin
Mrs. George Garrett, wife of the new United States Minister to Eire, with Miss Van Vranken



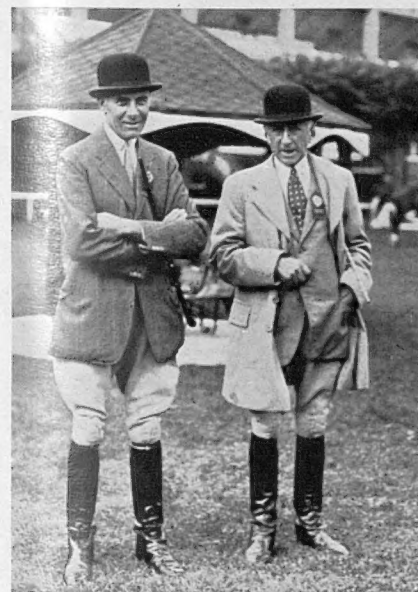
Mrs. Mack, of Derycarne, Dromod, Co. Leitrim, and the Marchioness of Bute, formerly Lady Eileen Forbes



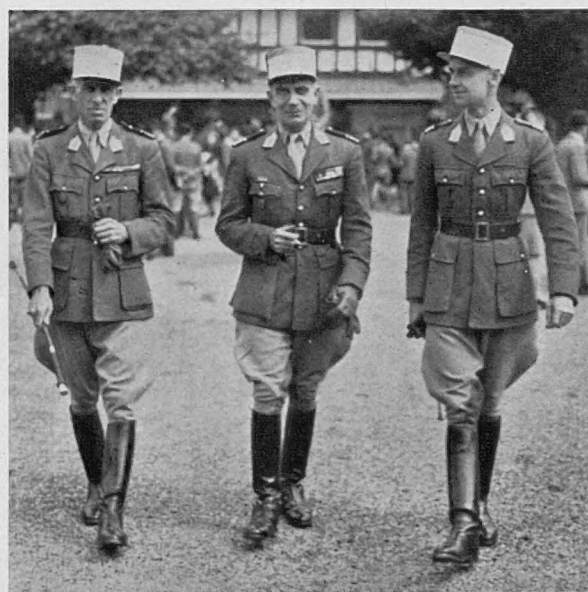
Miss Lavinia Lambton, Miss Neelia Plunket, who is a grandniece of the Earl of Iveagh, and Miss Mary Guinness



Lady Joan Hope, Sir Charles Harvey, Bt., Lady Doreen Hope, and Lt.-Col. J. Hume Dudgeon, the famous Irish rider



Viscount Knutsford, M.F.H., and Mr. Herbert Sutton, of Cottesbrooke, Northampton, who judged the medium weight hunters



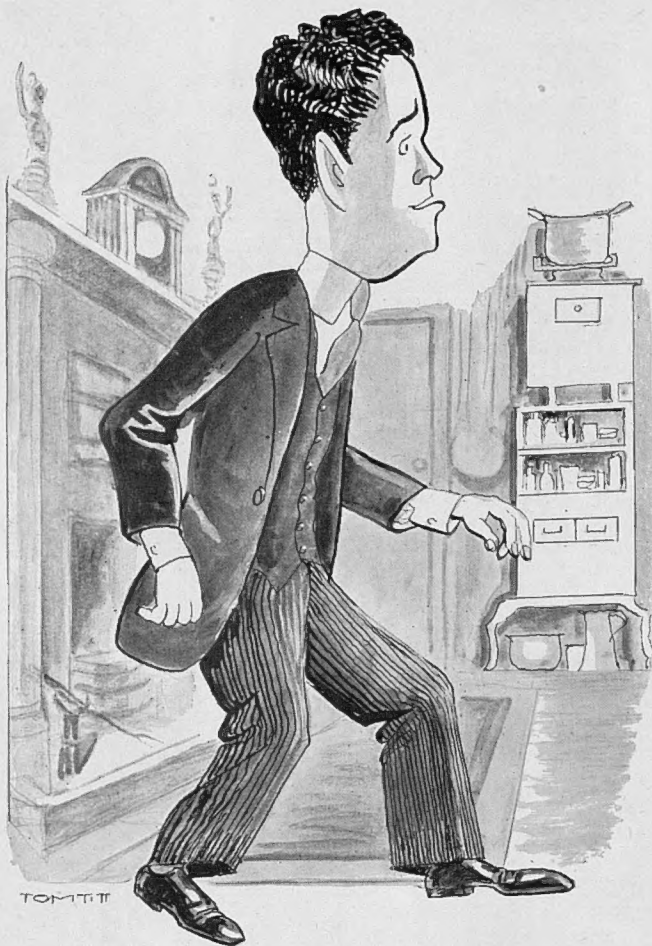
Three members of the French jumping team: Commandant de Tiliere, Major Cavaillie (captain) and Capt. Fresson



Poole, Dublin
Countess Fortescue with her daughter, Lady Margaret Fortescue and Viscount and Viscountess Bury

Anthony Cookman
and Tom Titt

At the



The Young Doctor, Dr. Johnson (George Cole) hero-worships his superior only to find that he is being used as an accessory to murder

AN eccentric Glasgow doctor poisons his wife's mother. His innocent young partner obligingly signs the certificate regularizing the death. The eccentric then poisons his wife, and again the partner's signature is forthcoming. But youth and innocence do not last for ever. The good young man's suspicions are aroused, he sends for the police, and the law, with a little preliminary guidance by a humane detective inspector, duly takes its course.

No, Mr. Bridie has nothing much in the way of a story, but he knows that and makes no attempt to force its values. To him it is an amusing story, the sort of story doctors might chuckle over in a club, and he uses a great deal of unobtrusive dramatic skill to win us to his semi-professional point of view.

He keeps the victims of Dr. Angelus well in the background lest we—in our unprofessional way—should sympathize with them overmuch. The mother-in-law is never seen: she drees her weird upstairs. Her daughter, doomed to take the same medicine, makes only one or two very brief appearances, and then shows for rather a fool.

What amuses Mr. Bridie, and what he makes amusing to us, is the power of a magnetic personality running slightly off the true to impose itself on well-meaning youth and to make a relishable mockery of professional etiquette.

HIS Dr. Angelus is thrown across the thin little story like some rich dressing-gown that gives an emaciated form substance and importance. He can joke or weep at need, quote scripture with unction or show a worldly tolerance for youthful indiscretions; he can carry on an affair with the sonsie parlourmaid or deplore his partner's fancied disregard of the relations which should exist between doctor and patient. It is a part which fits Mr. Alastair Sim with glove-like tightness; and the first act—as always with Mr. Bridie, the best of the three—is really only Mr. Sim abounding, as we used to say, when we all spoke French, in his own quality.

It is this act which disposes of the mother-in-law, and since the second act has to dispose of her daughter in precisely the same way the play is in obvious peril. But Mr. Sim and Mr. Bridie

Show Guide

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

The Crime of Margaret Foley (Comedy). Irish melodrama with some strong performances from Terence de Marney, Kathleen O'Regan and Arthur Sinclair.

A Sleeping Clergyman (Criterion). Robert Donat and Margaret Leighton in a revival of this unusual play by James Bridie.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

Trespass (Globe). Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic adventure into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

Edward, My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

Peace In Our Time (Lyric). Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

Men Without Shadows and The Respectable Prostitute (Lyric, Hammersmith). Jean-Paul Sartre's much-debated plays on the French Resistance and the U.S. colour bar.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley's disquisition on marriage, light in touch but wise in

understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

Noose (Saville). A covey of corner-boys, reformed and grown up into seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Deep are the Roots (Wyndham's). Moving study of the U.S. colour problem, with Patrick Barr.

A Midsummer Night's Dream (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Homer and Patricia Kneale.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

1066 And All That (Palace). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

The Nightingale (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.



The Difficult Patient, Mrs. Corcoran (Betty Marsden) whose hypochondriacal notions lead her to shrewd suspicions of Dr. Angelus

Theatre

"Dr. Angelus"
(Phoenix)

between them ring the changes fairly successfully, and before the end have succeeded in shifting the centre of interest from the eccentric old rascal to the callow young doctor who is beginning to fear that loyalty and admiration have perverted his professional judgment.

Dr. Angelus perceives the doubts that are growing in his protégé's mind. Something must be done, and the Scottish total abstainer produces the whisky bottle, and the English total abstainer is once again gravelled through lack of experience. But, sleeping off the debauch, he is visited by a fearful nightmare in which the truth is made intolerably plain to him.

THIS nightmare is by some accounted a dramatic mistake, a deviation into fantasy from which the mundane story of murder never recovers; but the scene is brief and it is neat, and some such device was, I fancy, called for by the very weakness of the story.

But should not the nightmare have more decisive results? Mr. Bridie follows his burst of fantasy with the severest realism. The sick young man wakes up muddled and undecided. Impulsively he sends for the police, but even after that Dr. Angelus gets his signature on to the death certificate and has to deal brutally with further sporadic signs of a refractory conscience.

Beyond a doubt the writing of the last act is unable any longer to conceal the thinness of the material; but fortunately for purposes of entertainment the acting of Mr. George Cole as the raw young doctor comes between us and the truth. It is a first-rate performance, and so long as it is on view the play remains alive. The eccentric murderer is reduced to Napoleonic meanderings, but even after that Mr. Cole's vivid suggestion of the embryonic struggles of a mind and a character to attain integrity hold the stage.

THE rest of the cast is, with the possible exception of Mr. Charles Carson, who is curiously uneasy in the part of an eminent medical humbug, equal to its lesser opportunities. Miss Betty Marsden enjoys herself hugely as an oncoming lady patient making a dead set at a defenceless tyro; Miss Molly Urquhart is very competently the slut below stairs who marks yet another phase of Dr. Angelus's eccentricity; and Mr. Archie Duncan presents a sensible policeman plausibly.



The Diabolical Doctor, Dr. Angelus (Alastair Sim), who murders both wife and mother-in-law with a lachrymose benevolence



The Specialist, Sir Gregory Butt (Charles Carson), suspects murder but chooses to slip smoothly out of his responsibility

Backstage

LIKE his fellow dramatist James Bridie, J. B. Priestley is sometimes quite frank in his appreciation of his own plays. Of *The Linden Tree* which opens at the Duchess Theatre on Friday he says, "This play is my first favourite among all the plays I have written in the naturalistic tradition."

It would seem that playgoers share his approval for with Sir Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike heading the cast it has had a very successful provincial tour. The author describes it as a play about family life and about Great Britain of today and says that though it is strictly realistic it contains scenes of "unforced symbolism."

Apart from Sir Lewis and Dame Sybil who appear as an elderly literary professor and his wife, the cast, which is directed by Michael Macowan, consists mostly of young people. This, by the way, is the first production of the London Mask Theatre (of which originally Priestley was a director) since 1940.

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS old Leo Marks, author of *The Girl Who Couldn't* which opens at the St. Martin's next Wednesday, is a new name among playwrights but he tells me that he has four more pieces in preparation which indicates that he has been very busy since he gave up his romantic war-time duties.

This young Londoner, son of an antiquarian bookseller in Charing Cross Road, was brought up in a bookish atmosphere. He wrote a playlet at five, read Beaumont and Fletcher and Congreve as a boy and later travelled Europe on a roving commission for his father. His own interests were in psychology and the higher mathematics which led him to the study of ciphers. When war came he was co-opted into the London headquarters of the Resistance movement where his task was the training and briefing of Allied agents in counter-espionage. The men who parachuted into enemy territory, the wireless operators who used his devices to keep in touch with his department, all passed through his hands.

Once when explaining a new code to a group of agents he said, "It's really easy to memorize. A clerk

could get it in five minutes, a Waaf could get it in five minutes, Monty could get it in ten minutes." As he spoke he caught sight of General Montgomery quietly standing at the back of the room. Monty went up to him afterwards and said, "You'll be interested to know that I got it in considerably less than ten minutes."

For his war work Marks was awarded the M.B.E. and a decoration from the King of Denmark.

PRINCE LITTLER thinks there is still life in *The Farmer's Wife* which, originally produced by Sir Barry Jackson at the Court Theatre in March, 1924, ran for 1,329 performances and started Sir Cedric Hardwicke (as Churdes Ash) on the road to fame. A prior-to-London revival starts a short tour at the end of next month and the strong company includes Helena Pickard (Lady Hardwicke). Eden Phillpotts, eighty-five years old author of the famous comedy, is still writing plays, mostly for the radio, at his home near Exeter.

SOUTH AFRICAN-BORN Kitty Black who translated the Sartre plays *Men Without Shadows* and *The Respectable Prostitute* for the Lyric, Hammersmith, production is an interesting product of the H. M. Tennent firm. Ten years ago she joined them as a fifty-shilling-a-week junior clerk and eventually acted as secretary to managing-director Hugh Beaumont and to John Gielgud. Two years ago she was appointed administrator of the Company of Four at Hammersmith.

She has written radio plays and was part-author of *Landslide* staged at the Westminster a year or two ago. Between 1929-1937, she and her mother travelled all over the world. She is an expert pianist and speaks French like a native. One of her brothers, Brian Black, the English Rugger international, was killed in an air crash in 1940.

Beaumont Kent.



Peggy Cummins as Belle Adair in "Moss Rose" a story of murder in the 'nineties, with Victor Mature and Ethel Barrymore

At The Pictures

A Packet of Dried Eggs

I SHOULD be glad to take dried eggs instead of the three American films imported into London cinemas last weekend. Eggs—however dehydrated—or even chicken-feed would surely be better value for our last dollars. But if American companies are, as we hear, in a fine fuss over the prospect of losing overseas markets for their films, a cursory examination of conscience might show them something besides the dollar shortage to blame.

During the war years, in spite of all our other preoccupations, the British cinema grew up to become capable of films, ranging from *Henry V* and *Brief Encounter* to lesser stuff like *Green for Danger* and *Hue and Cry*, whose quality and freshness made the average Hollywood picture look like so many cans of celluloid. Countries like Denmark and Czechoslovakia have shown us that they did not forget, under German occupation, how to handle the camera. Even impoverished, devastated, ex-enemy Italy has been able to send us one film, *Open City*, which is still by a long way the best film now showing in London (and two more on the way are reported to be even better). But Hollywood directors and writers, whether they spent the war years away on active service or isolated in California, appear to have learned nothing and forgotten a great deal of what they once knew about film-making.

AN unmistakable perfume of cheese emanates from *Moss Rose*, showing at the Leicester Square Theatre. Equally novelettish plots and characters have provided the material for many good Hollywood films in the past. So, with imaginative treatment, better performance and a modicum of taste, might this mixture of murder, high-life and careers for chorus-girls in pseudo-Edwardian England.

Imaginative treatment may have been what was intended by the juggling with the title. In the original novel it applied, as I am given to understand, to the flower-role danced by the chorus-girl heroine; in the film it has been turned into the trademark of a very savoury series of murders (in which the corpse is always accompanied by a moss-rose left in an open Bible), although the heroine still retains the second part of the name and is known as plain Rose.

Miss Peggy Cummins looks as though she would like to have brought Rose to life as that familiar figure of fiction, the indomitable street-urchin ready to step over her girl friend's dead body and stop at nothing to rise above Shoreditch. Unluckily the poor girl labours throughout the film under the insuperable handicap of a Hollywood Cockney accent. How such an accent was extracted from any British mouth remains a mystery.

The strain of trying to keep it up is so palpable that it destroys the illusion of the central character and so of the whole film. London shrouded in a

fog as spurious as the accent, and the announcement of a society engagement under the good old English heading, "Drego-Ashton Nuptials Expected" are finishing touches of a standard I thought Hollywood had outgrown in the early talkie era.

Michael Drego (Victor Mature) is the stage-door johnny Rose picks on as her friend's murderer. But Rose's crude blackmailing is neither mercenary nor malicious. Michael is heir to a Devonshire manor (with a moss-rose bush in the garden) and the price of Rose's silence is a fortnight in the manorial home, a fortnight of living like a lady, with bells to ring whenever she wants anything (the period is meant to be Edwardian, so that is all right).

And so to Devonshire to meet Michael's mother, old Lady Margaret (Miss Ethel Barrymore), who of course takes to Rose on sight, and his justifiably less enthusiastic fiancée (Miss Patricia Medina).

FROM the moment Miss Barrymore sweeps up the stairs, she takes command of the proceedings. Nothing, at this stage, could save the film. But her acting does create an enjoyable diversion. Lady Margaret, the authoritarian *grande dame*, trailing through house and garden in picture hat and flowing grey (we feel sure it is grey or mauve), a maniacally possessive mother drooling over a secret roomful of Michael's nursery toys, is a totally theatrical character; and Miss Barrymore is uncompromisingly a stage actress. But what an actress!—bringing such style and richness to the tawdry melodrama and exactly the right flavour of the very best ham.

Miss Barrymore never succumbed to the cinema as her brothers John and Lionel did, and she makes no concessions to it here. Her movements have a breadth which seems to expand the scene, her measured speech sets its own rhythm. She uses her fine, flashing eyes and broad-boned face with a masterly expressiveness (but no grimaces) and, rarest of all, dares to build up character in such a way as to stimulate speculation. It is a masterly performance in its own terms and a merciful relief from the mediocrity of its setting.

"WESTERNs" remain America's major authentic native contribution to the cinema. The old cowboy film has developed into an art form bound by conventions as strict as those of pantomime, Italian comedy or bullfighting. Everybody knows the theme and the protagonists by heart; skill in exposition is the thing. So the prospect of *Ramrod*, lately at the Empire, starring Joel McCrea, one of the three most distinguished "Western" stars, raised high hopes.

At first all seems in order. The opening dialogue is quite obscure, but that is a fair enough introductory trick. We watch Mr. McCrea stalk down the familiar wooden sidewalk with as measured tread as Miss Barrymore's own (though the unconsciousness of his purely cinematic ease with the camera makes an interesting contrast with her photographed virtuosity). In the saloon we recognize the crowd of toughs in their black stubble beards; Charles Ruggles distinguished from them by a few snowy patches to indicate the soft spots in his character; clean-shaven Donald Crisp as the clean-living Sheriff; and the Villain (Preston Foster) with his sweeping black handlebars; Rose (Miss Arleen Whelan) has been gently deposited on a balcony with cosy rocking-chair for domesticity; above the saloon, Connie (Miss Veronica Lake) spits fire because her Dad (Mr. Ruggles)

wants to make her marry the Villain and to drive away the man-of-her-choice who threatens to bring sheep to graze in their cow-country.

We sit back complacently. All the pieces are here. Nothing should go wrong with this game. Most disappointingly it does: the makers of *Ramrod* have flouted the conventions and disregarded the first essentials of any Western—a simple, clear-cut story and speedy action. We had been led to expect the old straight line-up of cowmen against sheepmen, with Connie fighting for her man and his sheep or, when the man quits and she takes over his ranch, for the sheep and the Hero against her Dad, the Villain and the cows. But Connie's only apparent attempt at ranch-management is to stampede her own cattle, in the hope that the law-abiding Hero will blame the Villain and so speed-up her vendetta. Such complexities, such treble-crossing are out of order. It might not matter that we never see a sheep or hear a bleat. But the main issue has been subordinated to a four-sided struggle for personal power of which the ins and outs and ups and downs would be impossible to follow, even if we cared.

Good Men and Bad Men are shot and beaten up, we are seldom clear why or by whom; and almost the only relief from bewilderment and boredom is a short spell of lovely simple sunlit photography in the canyon.

BATTERED into tolerance by these two rather painful pictures, we may find it possible to indulge in a little weak laughter at *It Happened on Fifth Avenue* at the New Gallery. Farce is almost too positive a word for a disarmingly old-fashioned, good-tempered romp which it would be fun to find at the local fleapit. Unembarrassed by big stars or original inspiration, it relies on proven players from stock (with a promising ingenue, Miss Gale Storm) and a bag of equally well-tried comedy notions such as: the housing shortage (with emphasis on ex-G.I.s), squatting, reconciliation of divorced parents, a smattering of fairy-tale sociology and a basis of the Capra philosophy that money is mud and a man's friends are his fortune.

Philosopher and squatter-in-chief is an amiable tramp (Victor Moore) who has brought squatting to a very fine art by following a millionaire in and out of his town and country mansions every year. Under the tramp's benevolent auspices, the millionaire's town house is thrown open to other squatters who are joined, for sufficient reasons, by the millionaire's daughter (Miss Storm), the millionaire himself (Charles Ruggles again, looking much more at home in his own kitchen) and the millionaire's ex-wife (Miss Ann Harding making a welcome reappearance though rather forlornly out of her element), these three squatting incognito.

Such is the central joke, and it is good for an hour of innocent fun—but not for anything like the two to which it is inexcusably spun out.

These three films are only a little more weary, stale, flat—though still presumably profitable—than the Hollywood films of the previous week, or the week before that. In fairness we may suppose that they were specially selected for Bank Holiday week-end when all good Britons are supposed to be out of doors; and may admit that it was unlucky they should reach us in Britain's officially declared Crisis week. But in the circumstances we may be forgiven for wondering why Europeans should want to go hungry and smokeless to find dollars for the kind of entertainment represented by films like these.

F. B. L.

MARGARET LOCKWOOD

In this photograph Margaret Lockwood is wearing one of the beautiful dresses that adorn her in *Milk White Unicorn*, her new picture for John Corfield Productions, in which Dennis Price is her leading man. Miss Lockwood, who has been voted Britain's most popular film actress, has recently completed *Jassy*, the screen version in Technicolor of the novel by Norah Lofts. The film has a distinguished cast headed by Patricia Roc, Peter Graves, Basil Sydney and Nora Swinburne. Margaret Lockwood entered films in 1935 and among her early successes was that excellent mystery film *The Lady Vanishes*. However it was in *The Man in Grey* in 1943 that she began to achieve her present popularity. This was followed by, among others, *Love Story*, *The Wicked Lady*, *Bedelia* and *Hungry Hill*.





The Hon. Mrs. Northcote, Brig. J. Wedderburn-Maxwell, the Hon. Caroline Douglas-Scott-Montagu, sister of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and the Hon. John St. Aubyn, Lord St. Leven's eldest son and heir, enjoying a dance

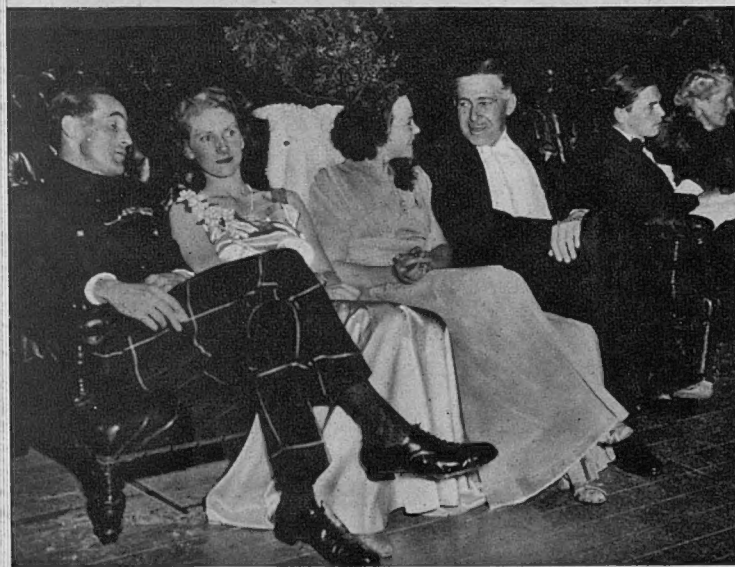


Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Barry Wilson, who were dancing together. Sandhurst was renamed the Royal Military Academy on its amalgamation with Woolwich last year



Col. Leslie Bibby, Commandant of the County of Surrey Cadet Force, dancing with Mrs. Bibby

Ball at Sandhurst in Aid of the Surrey Army Cadet Force Fund



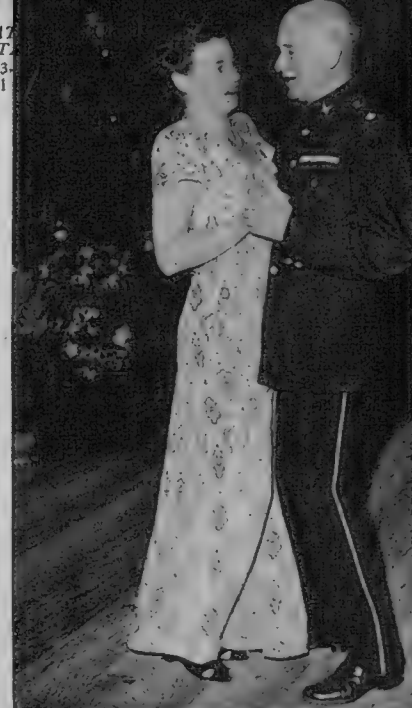
Col. Nobel, Miss Fergusson, Mrs. Molteno and Lt.-Gen. E. C. Mansergh, Director of the Territorial Army and Army Cadet Force



Cdr. and Mrs. Lonsdale, the Countess of Hopetoun and the Earl of Hopetoun, son and heir of the Marquess of Linlithgow



Capt. L. T. Murdoch, Mrs. R. A. Mason, Capt. B. W. Murdoch, Mrs. B. W. Murdoch, Mrs. G. C. Hopkinson, Brig. B. J. Fowler, D.S.O., M.C., and Col. G. C. Hopkinson, D.S.O., M.C.



Major F. T. Jacks dancing with Mrs. Godfrey Bolsover



Mrs. F. J. W. Seely, whose husband, Major F. J. W. Seely, is Master of the South Notts, talking to the Duke of Portland



The Duchess of Portland and Major-Gen. G. W. Richards, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Commander of the North Midland District

49th Armoured Division (T.A.) Dance at Welbeck Abbey, Notts.



Before the dance the 49th Armoured Division (T.A.) had played a cricket match against a team of The Hague Cricket Club of Holland, and an open-air cocktail-party was held outside the Pavilion

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

HAVING been travelling all night in the train from Scotland, Their Majesties the King and Queen, with the two Princesses and Lt. Mountbatten, spent the afternoon among over a thousand guests on the lawns of Buckingham Palace in the sweltering sun at the last Garden Party. As in previous years, this was their last official function together before the Royal party went to Balmoral for a well-earned rest.

Her Majesty, who looked cool and charming in a pale-blue ensemble, was accompanied by Princess Margaret, also in pale blue with an amusing Mexican-shaped hat well on the back of her head. H.M. the King was accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, in lime green, and Lt. Mountbatten, also in naval uniform. This time the young couple seemed quite accustomed to appearing together in public after a fortnight of public appearances in Scotland since the announcement of their engagement. The Princess was introducing her fiancé to all the friends she stopped to talk to. The first of these were Earl and Countess Fortescue with their very attractive elder daughter Margaret; a little farther on H.R.H. stopped and talked to Miss Margaretta Scott, who looked striking in a yellow printed dress and large black hat.

Queen Mary, the beloved Queen Mother, wore a pink ensemble and, accompanied by her upright, octogenarian Lady-in-Waiting, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, spent a long time in the hot sun greeting friends before she arrived at the Royal tea tent, where she sat quietly in the corner fanning herself. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent looked very beautiful in a yellow-printed dress with a very full skirt, the new longer length, and a large white straw hat. She was accompanied by the Comptroller of her Household, Lord Herbert, and Lady Herbert.

ALSO with the Royal party were Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Countess of Halifax, Helen Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Hyde, Lady Margaret Egerton, looking pretty in oyster-grey, the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Airlie, Major Arthur Penn, Cdr. Colin Buist, Sir Terence Nugent, Brig. Norman Gwatkin and Sir Louis Greig.

Among the guests I saw were the Marquess and Marchioness of Townshend, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava wearing a halo of pink roses with a black dress, and the Maharajah of Jaipur with the Maharanee, who was wearing an exquisite cream sari. Lord Margesson was chatting to the Hon. Geoffrey Russell and his pretty wife, who looked very smart in a short printed pale-blue dress and large hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. Sir Gerald Hargreaves, the judge, was chatting to Mrs. Bea Davis, who was another looking exceptionally chic. Dame Irene Vanbrugh was sensibly sitting in the shade, where I also saw Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Sir Norman and Lady Birkett and their daughters, and the Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry.

HER MAJESTY's birthday fell this year on Bank Holiday, but, as usual, only a small family dinner party was planned to mark what is always regarded as a private rather than an official occasion. Before the anniversary, the Queen fulfilled a long-standing promise by travelling to York for a series of functions in connection with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. The Queen stayed overnight with her old friends Cdr. Clare and Lady Doris Vynar at Studley Royal, near Ripon, and motored over next day to take part in the service of dedication of the chapel windows in York Minster, given as a memorial to the fallen

of the "Koylis," and to lunch with Gen. Sir Charles Deedes, the colonel of the regiment.

GOODWOOD opened in blazing sunshine. Women wore cool, cotton frocks and big shady hats, while the men also rose to the occasion. The Duke of Norfolk, who arrived with the Duchess and some of their house party from Arundel, wore a suit of light tussore silk with a panama hat. The Earl of Rosebery wore a "boater" with his linen suit, and Lord Delamere was another who had chosen a panama hat.

The congestion of cars arriving at the meeting was terrific, and many people arrived late and then found lunch had run out. The private tents were very popular, and among those giving hospitality to their guests from their tents were Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton, the latter looking cool and attractive in grey; Mr. Hornung and Major and Mrs. Carlos Clark. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond had a large party with them in their box comprising, as last year, mostly young friends and contemporaries of their two young sons.

I met Col. Peter Dollar, who had come over from Cowdray, where he had been playing polo. Lord Stavordale was having a cooling drink with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne, and others I saw included Mrs. Ian Henderson, hatless, Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Lady Delamere and her step-daughter, Lady Broughton, the Earl and Countess of Normanton, the Earl and Countess of Lewes and her sister and brother-in-law, Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor Lewis.

OTHERS there were Lord Mildmay and Mr. Peter Cazalet, who were staying at Arundel with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and his youngest daughter, Caroline, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, Lord and Lady Manton, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Lady Caroline Thynne, Lord and Lady George Scott, who were staying with a party of friends at the Metropole at Brighton for the meeting. Also racing were Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, who motored over each day from Wool, where he is stationed, Major Dermot Daly, and the Aly Khan, who frequently flies over from Switzerland in the morning and back again after racing.

I also noticed Lady Orr Lewis, Mrs. Jackie Ward, the Countess of Durham with her schoolboy son John, and Viscountess Lambton, Mr. Bill Astor, Mr. George Glossop, Mr. Jimmy Jarvis, Viscountess Erleigh, Lord Irwin chatting to Mrs. Peter Miller Munday and Lord and Lady Grimthorpe with Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie.

LITTLE Sarah Mary Greenly, dressed in a beautiful cream silk christening robe trimmed with old lace in a rosebud pattern, cried, as all good babies should do, when the Archbishop of York, Dr. Cyril Garbett, christened her in St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Greenly and granddaughter of Sir John and Lady Greenly and Sir Kenneth and Lady Gibson. Sarah's godparents are Lady Bonham, the very pretty wife of Sir Anthony Bonham, Mrs. Philip Verey, Mrs. Benjamin Welles, daughter-in-law of Mr. Sumner Welles, who was not able to be present, Mr. James Mitchell and Mr. Teddy Underdown, the well-known amateur rider.

After the service Mr. and Mrs. Greenly, who looked very pretty in a printed dress and little flower cap to match, had a small party in their enchanting little house in the unique Gateways in Chelsea. The guests varied in ages from



Jeavons

Miss Joan Motion is the only daughter of Lady Elizabeth Motion and the late Major T. A. Motion, and has come out this year. She is the granddaughter of the late Earl of Verulam and a niece of the present Earl



Yvonne Gregory

Miss Susan Armstrong-Jones is the nineteen-year-old daughter of the Countess of Rosse. She lives with her mother either at Birr Castle, Ireland, or Womersley Park, Yorkshire. She is a keen rider to hounds and is Secretary to the Badsworth



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Una Shenley is the only daughter of Mrs. Leavett Shenley, of the Holt, Upham, Southampton. She was presented this year by her mother, who gave a dance for her at Claridges in June

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

Continuing HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

grandparents to small children. Here I met Sir John and Lady Greenly, Lady Gibson, whose husband had had to go north in connection with his racing duties, her daughter, Mrs. Pollock McCall, who brought her two children, Camilla and Juliet; and Mrs. Gordon Nicholson, who brought her adorable year-old daughter, Caroline.

Others enjoying a delicious tea and christening cake were Mrs. Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, Mr. John Greenly, Col. and Mrs. Frank Mitchell, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Snagge. Three welcome guests at the party were the three family Nannies, who made much of the new arrival: Nannie West, who was nineteen years with the Gibson family; Mrs. Peake, who was also many years with the family, and Miss Burgess, who has just completed her thirty-second year as Nannie to the Greenly family.

MANY friends from the theatrical world came along to the reception after the wedding of Tamara Desni to Raymond Lovell, which took place at the Russian Church in Buckingham Palace Road. Mr. C. B. Cochran was at the reception with Mrs. Cochran, chatting to Arthur Riscoe, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. Others included Robert Newton, Guy Middleton, Greta Gynt, Viall McGuinness, Ruth Naylor and Mme. Zenia Desni, the bride's mother. Lord Tennyson was chatting to Mrs. Midwood, and near by were Princess de Rohan, Major Norman Fraser and Sir Noel and Lady Dryden.

THERE was another big gathering of stage stars and friends at Claridges at the cocktail party after the wedding of Mr. Bill Linnit to Mrs. Hope Astley, who looked very pretty with a spray of orchids pinned to her emerald dress. Here I met Glynis Johns and her father, Dorothy Hyson, very pretty in black, with her husband, Anthony Quayle, who is directing *Blind Goddess*, the new play by Patrick Hastings, which Mr. Linnit is producing. Mr. Bill O'Bryen was there with his wife, Elizabeth Allan. Terence Rattigan was chatting to friends, and I noticed Rosamund John, Frank Cellier, Trevor Howard and his wife, Helen Cherry, Mrs. Emyln Williams and the Hon. William Douglas-Home, who has written another play since the impressive *Barabbas*...

Sir Patrick and Lady Hastings brought their daughter Philippa, and Lord Grantley was taking to Mr. Jack Dunfee. Major and Mrs. David Smyly were the centre of a group of friends, and a family party were Lord Vivian

with his attractive wife and his stepmother, Nancy Lady Vivian.

MANY thousands of visitors from all over the world will be going to Scotland for the Edinburgh International Festival which opens on August 24th with a service in St. Giles' Cathedral. In the evening Paul Paray is conducting l'Orchestre Colonne in Usher Hall. The following day the Glyndebourne Opera Company open with Verdi's *Macbeth* at the King's Theatre, and the Sadler's Wells Ballet with Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann at the Empire Theatre. Other attractions during the festival, which lasts until September 13th, include the Old Vic Company, French plays performed by the Compagnie Louis Jouvet, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, and Bruno Walter conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

H.E. the French Ambassador will be the guest of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery for the opening, and again later in September when the Compagnie Jouvet open. H.R.H. the Princess Royal and her son the Earl of Harewood will be staying at Dalmeny from August 31st, but Lord and Lady Rosebery will not be able to have large house parties, as the house was burnt out about five years ago and they are living in a small bachelor wing.

OTHER festivities I have heard of in Scotland during August and September are the Highland Gatherings at Nairn on August 16th, at Prince Charles's monument, Glenfinnan, on the 20th, and at Ballater on the 23rd. On September 2nd there is to be a ball at Haddo House, the home of the Marquess of Aberdeen, in aid of the Scottish Association of Boys' Clubs. On the 3rd there is the Aboyne Gathering, followed next day by the Braemar Gathering, usually attended by Their Majesties the King and Queen and their guests at Balmoral. On the 3rd and 4th also are the Portree Gathering and Ball in the Isle of Skye. September 5th is the Aboyne Ball, for which there are to be many house parties around.

As a change from Highland gatherings, there are Scottish race meetings—Edinburgh races on September 15th and 16th, followed by the Ayr Western Meeting on 18th and 19th, and the Perth Races on the 24th and 25th. The Angus Ball is on the 23rd, followed on the 25th by the Perth Ball at Perth, also the Lochaber Ball at Fort William, and on the same night, the 25th, Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie is giving a dance for her daughters Marigold and Carola at the Pavilion, Strathpeffer. On the following night, 26th, there is the Northern Meeting Ball at Inverness.



The Hon. Marigold Fitzalan-Howard, sister of the bride, and the Hon. Mrs. Emmet. The wedding was at St. James's, Spanish Place



The bridesmaids were Miss Ann Emmet, Miss Imogen Micklethwait, the Hon. Mirabel and the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard



Swaebe
Mr. Christopher Anthony Robert Emmet, elder son of the late Mr. T. A. Emmet and of the Hon. Mrs. Emmet, married the Hon. Miranda Mary Fitzalan-Howard, third daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont



Miss Edith Moor and the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Micklethwait, sister of Baroness Beaumont



Master Duncan Davidson with a friend, his mother, Lady Rachel Davidson, and her brother, the Duke of Norfolk

Lord Howard of Glossop's
Third Daughter Married

The Young Idea at the Seaside—



The ubiquitous rubber dinghy has even found its way to Frinton, where Mrs. M. F. Morgan pumps one up for her children, Judith and Susan

Mrs. George Passmore leads an investigation into marine life caught in her daughter Carol's net, with Keith and Colin Kay interested spectators, while the spaniel dubiously samples sea-water

Frinton-on-Sea has little in common with the great majority of coastal resorts, for the more obvious seaside amusements are rigidly excluded, and it has not even a cinema. But its beaches have two very desirable attributes, for they are among the safest and cleanest in Britain. So that both children and their parents can find many quiet and absorbing pleasures in this Essex town

Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations



Caroline and Catherine Berry, daughters of the Hon. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry, and Sandra Sinclair earnestly collecting a shrimp tea



Caroline Watson, one year old, takes the sun with her mother, Mrs. Michael Watson, and finds it most enjoyable

—And in the Whirl of the Dance



Elfrida Eden, aged seven, youngest daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden, and niece of Mr. Anthony Eden, in a charming pose



A scene on the stage during one of the concerted numbers. The children in the centre are Diana Lillingstone and Jennifer Gilbert

A dancing competition was held recently at the Institut Français in Kensington for pupils of Miss Vacani's school of dancing. The judges were the Hon. Mrs. Dennison-Pender, Mrs. Rae-Smith, Mrs. March-Phillips and Miss Jane Carr, the actress. A large gathering of parents and friends watched the competition, many of the dances in which had been composed by the children themselves

Photographs by Chris Ware



Miss Eustace-Duckett and Lady Eden watching the performance



Children watching the prize-giving: (back row) Jennifer Gilbert, Anna Massey, Olga Petro and Zara Heber-Percy; (centre, standing) Algernon Heber-Percy, Julian Mathias, Michael Dennison-Pender; (sitting) Sally O'Rorke, Susan Enever, Victoria Mathias, Peggy Stephens, Lynette Rae-Smith and Jane Heber-Percy

Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

ONE HUNDRED PICTURES



Lord Killanin

Brittany converged on Dublin for the Celtic congress.

It was therefore a fitting occasion for the two exhibitions that were held in Trinity College, Dublin, at the same time. One was the Irish book exhibition in the College library. This consisted of three divisions: one of manuscripts, including, of course, the Book of Kells, which is always on show here; the second, of early printed books, commencing with O'Higgins' poems and O'Kearney's Catechism, both of which date to 1571, and ending with examples of modern works in Irish, the greater proportion of which is published by the Stationery Office; and the last division consisted of periodicals and newspapers chiefly dating to the second half of the last century.

BUT it was the exhibition of photographs in the Senate House which attracted my attention. This show was arranged by the Irish Folklore Commission. I am told they had to collect it together in a hurry, but Capt. Danaher, of the Commission, who was directly responsible—and, incidentally, took most of the photographs—is to be congratulated. In recent years I have seen various foreign cultural exhibitions in Dublin and in London, besides English exhibitions on the Continent. I have not seen any Irish exhibitions except the art show arranged privately at the Leicester Galleries last year. Here there seemed to me to be the makings of a photographic exhibition which might well be sent abroad to show certain aspects of Irish country life.

Folklore as a word is apt to conjure up in one's mind something rather arty and precious. The Irish word for it is *Béaloideas*, which means "the oral" or tradition of the mouth, and that seems to me a more fitting description. The Folklore Commission, to which I have made a passing reference on a previous occasion, was started under Government auspices in 1935, but its development dates back to the foundation of the Folklore Society in 1927, followed by the Folklore Institute of 1930. It is, however, about the exhibition that I wish to write.

THE exhibition is composed of one hundred pictures, chiefly quite outstanding photographs grouped under such headings as "Houses," "The People," "Transport and Trade," and "Custom." Take the heading of "Houses," for instance, and we are able to compare the countryman's house in various parts of Ireland. There are

examples of different types of thatching and roofing. There is one example of a thatched chimney which may still be seen in certain areas of the west.

When I saw the photograph of "The Forge" I could not help thinking of the nail-maker who plied his craft in the little shop in Dominick Street, Galway, until a few years ago and whom many visitors will remember. His shop and his skilled craft have now vanished, and, I fear, unrecorded. It is perhaps not very interesting to read about photographs, but I hope these few lines may assist either in sending this exhibition on tour or in the reproduction of the photographs in book form.

STANDING on an easel in the exhibition is a picture by Lady Butler, who is best remembered for her martial pictures, which she painted with such skill and which at one time fetched such high prices. This picture is called "Evicted," and shows a countrywoman in her red petticoat standing outside her burnt-out cottage whilst down the valley disappear the police with the cattle and anything else they could take. This picture has recently been purchased by the Folklore Commission through the generosity of Eileen Lady Gormanston, who is Lady Butler's daughter. It is the first time it has been seen in public for many years, as it was at Gormanston Castle until the recent sale. It is a strange contrast to the military pictures, and it is lucky that this document is now in safe keeping.

MUCH of my spare time is spent in book-shops and libraries, but it was only the other day that I came across Professor Estyn Evans's book called *Irish Heritage*. It was first published in 1942, when it received, I am told, a very fine Press, and has been reprinted several times since. Published by Mr. Tempest at the Dundalgan Press, which also produced Mr. Leask's little classic on Irish castles, it is closely associated with folklore and Irish social history. I can strongly recommend it to anyone living or holidaying in the country who is interested in the countryman and his life.

Mr. Evans is Professor of Geography in Queen's University, Belfast, and, as his name infers, is a Welshman. This book might be termed a geographical and social survey, for he begins with the geological development and traces through it the development of the country and agricultural life. Although mainly concerned with the

province of Ulster, there is much that is applicable to the other provinces. It is full of his own illustrations, which vary from different types of farm-gate designs to different types of slane for turf-cutting, from details of curragh-building to fish-poachers' tackle. It is fascinating.



Mr. Joe Carr, Irish Amateur Golf Champion



Mr. T. Holland-Martin and Lt.-Col. J. S. Atkins, M.F.H., who judged the Hunter classes



Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Bt., M.F.H., with Capt. Frank Spicer, M.F.H., one of the Foxhound section judges at this popular Co. Tipperary show



Mrs. Alexander and the Marchioness of Kildare. It was the first two-day show held by the Clonmel Society since 1939

THE CLONMEL



Major Michael Beaumont and Mrs. Beaumont, who is a sister of Sir Ernest Davis-Goff



Viscount Suirdale, the Earl of Donoughmore's son, ties the championship rosette to Mr. Grubb's Gold Top, ridden by Mrs. A. Masters, M.F.H.



Frank O'Brien, Fermoy, Lady Avice Spicer, wife of Capt. Frank Spicer, and Major Gerald Gundry, joint judge of Foxhounds with Capt. Frank Spicer

HORSE SHOW

Priscilla in Paris

Return from the Island

BACK in Paris after having driven up from the Island on the hottest day we have yet had this year. The first few hours were wonderful. The tide was low at 3 a.m., and we left in the cool of the dawn. A faint, rosy glow was breaking in the east and a fresh breeze blew over the wet sands. But midday found us prostrate in the shade of a wood by the roadside. Even the cat, on its lead, had no longer strength to mew. "Miss Chrysler 1926" behaved in her usual manner—the Perfect Lady. On nearing Paris, however, she had a fit of pettishness and, by way of protest at being brought back to the cobblestones of the suburbs, she picked upon the biggest nail that she could find and treated me to a burst tyre that nearly wrecked the whole concern. But, with feminine acumen, she chose to do this within hailing distance of a garage and we enjoyed another cool-off while a mere male did the dirty work. Blessings on his curly head!

Paris, except near the railway stations, where crowds are queueing up for hours to obtain seats on the coast-bound trains, is slightly stagnant. Shops and theatres are closing. Private houses and flats seem asleep behind their drawn blinds and bolted shutters. The cat-burglars must be having a heavenly time.

I LEFT the Island, somewhat overrun by Boy Scouts (kindly pronounce "bōi-scoots") and trippers. All very gay and happy but a trifle boisterous. We also had a joyous wedding-party and a feast afterwards. We sat down, sixty strong, at one o'clock and tottered, weak but replete, to our feet some three hours later, having waded through countless courses and innumerable bottles. This was the marriage of my young friend Mlle. Jacqueline Ledoux, the only daughter of our local vendor of building materials, to Monsieur Louis Brouillard, and, believe me, it was a magnificent wedding. The bride, a pretty brunette, walked from her home

through the village to the Town Hall on her father's arm, preceded by a youth playing the accordion and followed by a *cortège* of bridesmaids in dainty summer frocks that stood out against the Sunday blacks of the many relatives who had arrived from far around—by boat, by car, by delivery wagon and even on bicycles. The old ladies looked so picturesque in their goffered *coiffes* of white muslin.

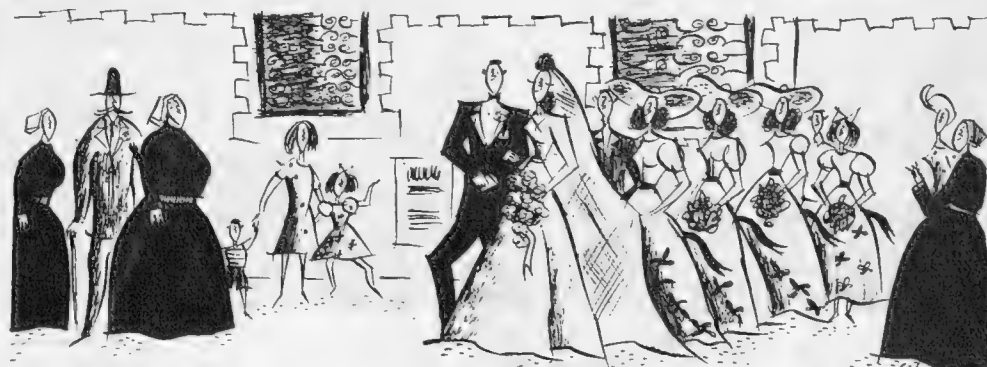
AFTER the civil marriage they went to the church across the market-place, a building that stands above the crypt of the old church that was washed away by a tidal-wave long, long before Jacqueline was born, and in that crypt one can still visit the tenth-century tomb of St. Philibert, patron saint of the Island. There the wedding-party was met by the clergy and an array of little choir-boys in their red cassocks and lace, looking like angels from the tops of their well-oiled locks to the hem of their garments . . . and like ragamuffins below, for shoes are not given away with a pound of candles on my Island.

We don't go honeymooning on the Continent, so in the midst of the ball that followed the feasting that started again in the evening, the young couple were smuggled away. When their departure was discovered, the hunt began. Tradition dictates, in this part of the world, that onion soup, highly spiced and peppered, shall be served to the bridegroom and his lady in the early hours of the morning. But first they must be found. Very weary and footsore in their dancing slippers were the bridesmaids and their attendant squires as they toiled, with soup tureen and ladle, from one possible place to another! They even came out to my farm, at 5 a.m., but were shown the innocent and empty guest-room. . . . Found at last Monsieur et Madame were, but I shall not say where, as other young couples have bespoken the place for future espousals.



Voilà!

● The come-hither little damsel, seated in the corner of a railway carriage, tugged ostentatiously at the hem of the too-short skirt that hardly reached her knees. The recalcitrant youth seated opposite grinned as he filled his pipe. "Don't worry about me, Mam'sel," he murmured. "Tobacco's my poison."





Gordon Richards, on Mr. R. White's Closeburn (No. 7), snatches victory in the Stewards' Cup from last year's winner, Commissar, with Fairey Fulmar third



Mrs. Murray Smith and Mrs. T. C. Dundas discuss the racing during an interval in the very full programme



Miss J. Kronberg and Co. William, wife of Earl Fitzwilliam, wife of Earl Fitzwilliam, Yorkshire sportsman



Miss M. Lawrie, Mrs. Rupert Riley and Miss J. Mackenzie in the car-park, with crowded Trundle Hill in the background

GOODWOOD, 1947, WAS A F



Lady Caroline Thynne, only daughter of the Marquess of Bath, and Mr. Tom Egerton



The Earl of Sefton arriving at the racecourse with Sir Richard Sykes



Mr. Peter Watson with two visitors from Dublin, Mrs. M. Slattery and Major M. Slattery, and Mr. G. H. Hyde



Mrs. Robert Grimston, Miss Grimston and Miss Rosie Newman were three more who enjoyed the racing on this most picturesque of courses



Mrs. Barbara Little, owner of Golden Horus, wore the ideal costume for the hot sunshine



Mrs. C. Pretzlik, sister-in-law of Viscount Scarsdale, with Mr. D. McCall



The Duke of Norfolk, whose seat is Arundel Castle, Sussex, was another who was well equipped against the semi-tropical heat

STIVAL OF SUNSHINE AND KEEN RACING



A long-distance view of the finish of the Stewards' Cup, in which the magnificent situation of the racecourse on top of the Sussex Downs is particularly well displayed

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing

By ...

STUDENTS of the criminal history of what used to be called the Upper Classes will remember that when Wilde's Lord Arthur Savile, after careful consideration, determined to blow up his uncle, the Dean of Chichester, in the 1880's he did so, or rather failed to do so, with an explosive clock; about the only medium as yet untried, we note, by the Irgun Zvai Leumi boys of Palestine.

Evidently what the thug of today lacks is sensibility. Nothing could be more delightful to a man of taste than to be blown up by one of those brass, bell-domed, lantern-shaped Carolean bracket-clocks made by Blanchard of London and others; or some gracefully-rococo gilt confection of the French Regency signed "Leroy, Paris"; or one of the lovely products of Tompion or Rimbault; or even the model Lord Arthur employed, "a pretty little French clock surmounted by an ormolu figure of Liberty trampling on the hydra of Despotism"—unsigned, but presumably the work of one of the Revolutionary clockmakers, possibly Roquet of the Rue St. Honoré. Although the dynamite they must contain ruins these objects of art irretrievably, one must remember that their owner would have no more use for them in any case.

Footnote

THAT all this delicacy would be wasted on half our current big boys is obvious. If you really wanted to blow up Lord — with a clock, for example, you'd have to fall back on one of those horrible little Swiss alarms encased in the belly of a stuffed bear. Faugh!

Fracas

BROODING over the daily bulletins from the International Chess Tournament at Hilversum ("God, that was a cold story!" as the disgusted Fleet Street news-hound says of the chess-congress in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*), we found the absence of ideological hate rather sinister, and the atmosphere of calm terrifying. Even when Castaldi made a false combination against Van Scheltinga nobody yelled "Fascist!", shot the place up, and called a general international strike.



"Go on, comrade—see if you can start a 'stay-in' strike!"



The Rebel

You wouldn't find such typical bourgeois *laissez-faire* sapping a chess-tournament in Bloomsbury.

"What was that opening?"
"A Queen's-Pawn Nimzovitch."
"Trotskiyte!"

At that terrible swarming-cry a hundred hideous shapes of three sexes swoop and jabber and goggle. Grubby fists are shaken. Spotty pans are convulsed with rage. Gipsies from the London School of Economics snatch knives from garters with encarmined and dirty fingers. *Trotskiyte!* What did Kamenef say to the Centrum in 1924? What about Ovseyenko's report to the Politbureau in 1930? Does Mucky Maud sabotage the Third International or does she not? *Trotskiyte!* What about Dzherzinsky, Bukharin, Ordzhonikidze, and Bubnov? Who de-proletarianized Filthy Freda in 1937? *Trotskiyte!* Is Percy more integrated than Stinker? *Trotskiyte!* Bourgeois! Crypto-Fascist! Saboteur! Reactionary! Kulak!

Mayhem and battery often ensue in some hysterical, epicene form.

Panplaster

"PAINT once and be done with it!" cried a wholesale paint-manufacturers' ad. we happened to glance at. Inevitably we found ourselves recalling a little-known toilette-predicament of one of Leonardo da Vinci's girlfriends; oddly enough in verse, and damned good verse, at that:

They said to Leonardo: "Master,
Your girl-friend's face is solid plaster!
You must," they said, "be pretty green
To fall for Babs, the Fresco Queen—
Three coats at least, and more below,
She lams it on like billy-ho! . . ."

My word! Was Leonardo sick!
He seized his knife and scabble-stick,
And scraped and scrowped that girlish pan,
Blaspheming in I-tal-i-an;
And when six layers had come awa',
And he was calling it a day,
He found, just higher than the chin,



"Tuo more Glacé à la Crème de Fraises"

A Simply Idiotic Grin!

"Per Bacco!" cried His Nibs. "Great Caesar!
My little pet is Monna Lisa!"

She gave poor Leonardo socks,
For she was older than the rocks,
And everybody grew to hate her
Except that prize ass, Wally Pater.

Vasari quotes the incident in his life of Leonardo, also its sequel, involving a terrific row with a highly irascible Venetian master, Messer Max Factor.

Purge

WHY murder is so rare in Guernsey nowadays (a native of that island assures us, apropos a recent outbreak) is chiefly due to Victor Hugo.

When Hugo began his years of exile at Hauteville House, Guernsey, in the 1860's he took long walks, observing the natives engaged in growing tomatoes, carving their mothers with axes, and other old Norman customs. It took very little to start Victor Hugo off on a 50,000-line epic in thunderous alexandrines, and an epic on Guernsey glowing with noble indignation duly appeared, beginning:

*Ile sanglante et sombre, où, même dès le berceau,
On coupe sa mère en trente mille morceaux . . .*

Very soon the Public Relations Officer of the Southern Railway appeared, to point out courteously that tomatoes were hardly mentioned, let alone the new bathing-machines, the sunshine-statistics, the recent automatic peep-shows at St. Peter Port, and other key-items. "If you must write about Guernsey, Hugo," said the P.R.O., "here's a little thing my Directors suggest as having more publicity-value." He then began to recite as follows:

Let's go to Guernsey, Mumsie, do,
And stay at "Chatsworth," or "Sea-View,"
The glut of local homicides
Will simply make you split your sides . . .

Sequel

"THE thing," explained the P.R.O. at length, "is not to damn the locals to hell, as you've been doing, Hugo, but to jolly them out of it. Make 'em realise murder isn't necessary, with all these other attractions, see? And don't forget, Hugo," said the P.R.O. with emotion, "the Southern Railway is behind you, boy."

Hugo took the tip, and very soon the homicides of Guernsey were feeling embarrassed and "out of it." Hence their relative rarity today.

Exotique

A CITIZEN urging anti-bullfight-broadcast agitators in the *Daily Telegraph* to clear their little minds of cant, in Dr. Johnson's admirable phrase, asked why they never create an equal fuss about *Carmen*, of which Act III takes place outside the bullring, with a corrido in progress.

He forgot, perhaps, that in the average British production of *Carmen* it is pretty clear from the beginning that Act III takes place outside Lord's. Even the appearance of Escamillo the torero can't destroy this illusion; the audience believe him to be the I Zingari captain in Canterbury Week attire, singing about late cuts.

The key is once and for all pitched by that chorus of happy, healthy ex-public school-girls toying archly with lighted cigarettes outside the Fábrica de Tabácos at Seville (or maybe it's the Hockey Pavilion at Roedean—we never know) in Act I, and we've often wished the librettist had stuck more closely to Mérimée's story for the last scene, when Don José in despair stabs his faithless girl-friend and, having buried her in the High Sierra, speaks her epitaph:

Poor child! It is the *Calé* [gipsies] who are to blame, for bringing her up like that.

At Sadler's Wells this would go:

Poor child! It's her people's fault entirely. She should have gone to Heathfield.

Quest

REAL-ESTATE booms in Florida, we gather from a pensive American survey, are not what they were in the early 1920's, when the realtor boys of Miami hired hot-gospellers like William Jennings ("Cross-of-Gold") Bryan to hand the dope to the suckers day and night. But Florida has never been short of booms. They will return.

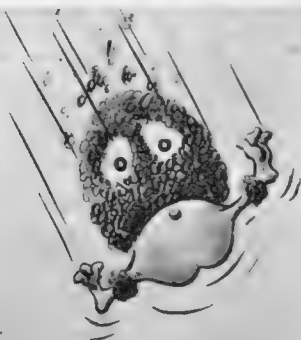
In our unfortunate view the likeliest one is still the earliest, which began with the discovery of Florida by Ponce de León on Easter Sunday (*Pascua de Flores*), 1513. From caciques in Hispaniola Ponce de León heard that somewhere in Florida was the celebrated Fountain of Eternal Youth. By the time the valiant Spaniard was able to get round to it personally, about 1521, every spring, river, creek, lake, pond, lagoon, waterfall, and swamp in Florida had already been bathed in by the local Indians, who had got the word. Nobody has yet discovered the Fountain. Any smart Miami realtor with contacts in the chemical racket could, we guess, if he gave it a few moments' thought.

Meditation

A PART from the boom in the adjoining land, selling perpetual youth in dainty flagons ("Get Young In Your Bath!") to the great public from the old original Fountain, enshrined in a stylised white-marble temple of pure Miami Baroque with chromium fittings, would be just a piece of cake, indeed. But who the devil would want even a second dose of life on this planet nowadays, we would courteously ask the intrepid shade of Ponce de León and his second in command, Captain Pérez de Ortubia, save an ass—and not a common ass, but an ass absolute, displayed, and regardant, in the Chief, the Pale, and the Quarter Fess? No offence.)

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



Met

A "GRIBBLY" about to plunge into very deep water, the haunt of the dreaded "BRAGNASH".



Derek Adkins

Peter Daubeny is London's youngest actor-manager. By the age of twenty-six this enterprising young man has given London such interesting productions as *Jacobowsky and the Colonel*, *But for the Grace of God*, and the much-discussed *Power Without Glory*, which John C. Wilson is shortly to present on Broadway. Mr. Daubeny has recently turned actor to play his own part in the new Ivor Novello comedy success *We Proudly Present*, which the author wrote especially for him. It is based on Peter Daubeny's lively experiences as a theatrical producer. During the war he served with the Grenadier Guards and lost an arm

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A MAN who had a delusion that he was a dog spent some long time in a mental hospital. At last the day came when he was discharged as cured. As he left the hospital, he ran into an old friend who expressed his pleasure at seeing him about again.

"You're looking absolutely in the pink, old man," the friend told him.

"I am in the pink," answered the late inmate. "Just feel my nose—how nice and wet it is!"

A YOUNG man went in to see his chief and asked for a pound a week rise in salary.

"But look here," said the boss, "if I give you this rise, that's £4 more a month. That's £52 a year more." (His voice grew louder and shriller.) "In ten years you will have £520 out of my pocket. In twenty years, £1040, and in fifty years . . . in fifty years . . ."

He clutched his head as though in some dreadful nightmare. Then he screamed: "I'm bankrupt!"

A SIX-YEAR-OLD boy was a source of worry to his mother every Sunday morning because he would fidget in church. So one morning she was so pleased to see him sitting with clasped hands and bowed head throughout a lengthy prayer. When, on coming out of church, she told him how pleased she was to see him so attentive, the boy chuckled at a pleasant memory.

"That fly," he said with a grin, "walked in and out of my hands exactly two hundred times!"

FROM her earliest days, and all through her schooldays, Emma Sheepshanks had loathed her name, and lived only for the day when some man would marry her and change it.

At last the time came when she met her ideal, her soul-mate. She didn't quite catch his name when they were introduced, but they had danced after dance, and her hopes ran high. At the end of the evening he asked permission to call the next night.

Trembling with excitement, she heard his knock—and then the maid entered. Eagerly she seized his card from her hand. One glance at it and her eyes blazed.

"Tell Mr. Ramsbottom," she said; "that I am not at home now nor upon any future occasion."

TWO men were sitting opposite each other in the train. One of them looked up and said, "Do you see that communication cord? Well, I bet you I can pull that cord for no reason at all, and the Railway Company will not fine me five pounds."

The other man answered: "All right, then. I bet you can't."

Whereupon the first passenger stood up and pulled the communication cord as hard as he could. There was a shrieking of brakes as the train came to a halt. The next thing the two men saw was the guard at the carriage door, with his note-book in his hand.

"Who pulled that cord?" demanded the guard.

"I did," responded the culprit, and taking out a revolver, he shot himself.



Major S. C. Deed driving a coach. His passengers include Mrs. Deed, Mr. Lionel Edwards and Mr., Mrs. and Miss Lancaster



Nine-year-old Jennifer Skelton, who won two firsts, having her number-card adjusted by the Coach Guard



Miss Maureen Sayers on Solo Flight clears the double bars in confident style. The child riders at the Show were exceptionally good

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

It is announced in a communication from the Punjab, where they are busy at the moment on the delicate operation of carving up that warlike province into two bits, that H.E. the Viceroy "has bluntly told the local leaders that he would tolerate no nonsense, and that their efforts to take the law into their own hands would be forcibly quashed." This is the kind of talk they understand, for they prefer a Zorwallah, and rate the other kind at sixteen to the rupee, or, in plain words, a penny apiece. In the times of the Sikh Domination in the days before 1708 and up to about 1840 (Ranjit Singh) the locals even found it in them to like someone who, even to-day, in Peshawar, is remembered as "Witbul Sahib." That is as near as they could get to Avitable, an Italian soldier of fortune in the powerful and well-trained Sikh army, the one we had to fight in 1849. "Witbul" had to keep the frontier in order, and let the Afghan Amir know that it was Ranjit Singh and not he who meant to call the tune. Just by way of larning 'em he always had a couple of deaders hanging at the gates of his H.Q. in Peshawar. This was an indication the inhabitants fully understood. His Excellency is quite unlikely to go quite so far as "Witbul," but those to whom he has spoken know him for the first-class fighting man that he is, and I feel certain they will not consider any monkey business worth while, for there are still quite enough troops on the spot and at short call to deal with it, despite the very prickly nature of things. Neither the British nor the Gurkha troops have left India.

The Delhi Legend

WHEN during Lord Hardinge's Viceroyalty (1910-15) the capital of India was transferred from Calcutta to Delhi, the old legend about the instability of any Government based upon that martial city was at once revived, and those who believed that history was bound to repeat itself reminded us of Kutb-ud Din, the Afghan in the times of the Crusades—Kutb-Minar, in old Delhi, still stands as a monument to his greatness—of the Moghuls from Genghiz Khan onwards; of Sivaji and the Mahrattas, who, in spite of their bloody defeat at the third battle of Panipat (1761), quite near Delhi, knocked seven bells out of all who came in their path till they in their turn melted away "like snow upon the desert's dusty face."

The greybeards shook their hoary heads when Lord Hardinge and his court departed. I remember the day very well: depressingly wet, and the escort, of which I formed a very humble part, sat like a lot of drowned rats on their dripping horses at Howrah Station, where H.E. bade us a personal farewell. "This is the end!" said the prophets. "Delhi will run true

to form!" Has anyone, I wonder, said the same thing about the batsman who has just gone in? It will be noted that he has decided that Karachi and not Delhi is to be his capital, but the latter is in his Dominion, and the prophets may not consider that of happy augury.

And anent this very matter, a valued correspondent, Rear-Admiral Walter Lumsden, who does me the honour to write to me occasionally from his Highland fastness Pitcaple Castle, Aberdeenshire, puts this question, "Now that India is finally abandoned and the British Rāj terminated, can you recall the legend about Delhi? How many Delhis have been built on practically the same site and each one proved the precursor to the end of a dynasty that built it? I remember many references to this tradition when the present Delhi was being inaugurated after the Durbar, but it has, strangely enough, not been raised at this fatal time."

Delhi has been sacked many a time, but the Kutb-Minar, the Jama Masjid, the Palace of Shah Jahan, also the pillars of Asoka still remain! New Delhi is a thing apart, and whether, in its turn, it will be sacked is a thing no one can know. If there is a fourth Battle of Panipat, I wonder who will win it? Just a reference and for your scrapbook, here are the other three. (1) April 20th, 1526; the Moghul Emperor Barber knocked out the Delhi Mohammedans and founded an Empire. (2) November 5th, 1556, Akbar the Great distributed the Hindus who had captured the city. (3) January 6th, 1761, the Afghan Ahmed Shah Durani stretched the Mahrattas for dead, giving them such a doing that they never came back for any more at Delhi.

If Monmouth Had Won

It is probable that even if pitchforks had been able to beat such muskets as there were at Sedgemoor, Monmouth, who was master of his own hounds at Charlton, would have selected this pleasant site for his racecourse, even though at that time no one had even heard of Goodwood and Charlton was the centre of sporting activity. Monmouth told Grey that, when he was King of England, he would make his court at Charlton, and that the good pack of hounds which he and Grey and Roper had then established between them, would be carried on with even greater magnificence.

After Monmouth was executed, Grey sharing his fate, Roper fled to the Continent, and the hounds went into the possession of the then Duke of Richmond, and were eventually given by him to George IV. when that gay monarch was Prince Regent, and were hunted by H.R.H. in Dorsetshire. George IV. can be claimed as the only King of England who has been a

Master of Hounds. The results of Goodwood unhappily elude me, owing to these printers' holidays and the futuristic date at which the wretched contributor is compelled to deliver his copy; but I regret that Sir John Jarvis has not been recompensed for Ascot. Anyway, it is one of the pleasantest meetings of the year, especially in this kind of weather, for, unlike any other, people can wear anything they like, and I don't suppose that they would turn you out even if you appeared in rowing shorts. Not the least of Goodwood's charm is the smack of sea air when the wind is in the right direction.

The main tragedy was the inability of Reynard Volant to go for the Cup, which, most probably, he would have won, in spite of what happened at Ascot. The cast-iron going was bound to mean mischief for some of them. More extended comment must wait!

Control of Racing in India

THE Calcutta mercantile firms which have considered it wisest to cut the painter and go whilst the going is reasonably good, are owned and conducted by long-headed business-men who are probably able to see farther through a brick wall than most. The members of the two racing clubs in India, the R.C.T.C. and the R.W.I.T.C., are, in the main, the same people, with a sprinkling of soldiers and civilian professional men, but the vast majority is made up of the same breed as old Job Charnock, who is rated the original Calcutta Box-wallah, and who came up from Madras to seek an outlet for his business acumen in the more northern city on the dirty, muddy old Hooghly River.

When Job lived, Bengal—now more aptly describable, as some people think, as "Nehru-istan"—was under native rule, for this was many years before the Battle of Plassey. The position has reverted, and the Box-wallahs do not seem to think that it is in their interest to play the rôle of Job Charnock any longer. These are the same men who will have to make a decision as to whether the R.C.T.C. and R.W.I.T.C., and also all other British clubs in India, can hope to carry on, or whether the best thing is to go and leave the inhabitants to their own devices.

If these racing clubs should decide to carry on until circumstances render it completely impossible, there would seem to be another little stumbling-block in the path. The jurisdiction of the R.C.T.C. extends far north into the Punjab and far south into the Madras Presidency. The R.W.I.T.C. takes care of all Western and a slice of Central and South-Western India. Pakistan and India are now two distinct dominions; so how is a recognised racing authority with a foot in each to operate? It is not workable.



Kenneth Livy on High View Sweetheart was another of the younger entry who cleared the bars without a fault



Brig. Sir Percy Laurie and Mrs. I. D. Erskine, wife of the Provost-Marshal, Maj.-Gen. I. D. Erskine



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey, Colonel-Commandant of the R.C.M.P., presents a third prize to Master Foster Swetenham

The Army's Own Horse Show at Aldershot

The two-day Aldershot Horse Show, organised by the Royal Corps of Military Police for their Benevolent Fund, was held again this year on the Aldershot football ground, as the pre-war site, Rushmoor Arena, is not yet "derequisitioned." The Show, as ever, was immensely popular, and the arrangements were an admirable example of military forethought and efficiency. Both the Army and open events produced some memorable performances

Scoreboard



THE fourth Test Match at Leeds showed us, as if we didn't know, what cricket means to the Yorkshireman—still. Hutton (our Len) and Washbrook, just a chap from Lancashire, came out and opened the England innings. Hutton began with a gentle single to leg, and the crowd, 32,000, cheered the ball along the whole of its 20-yard journey. "Lovely," murmured a stout old party on my left, as if recalling the first tender words of courtship while the sun set over Ilkley. A few overs later a ball from Tuckett rapped Washbrook on the leg. "Owzatt?" shouted a dozen voices by the far sight-screen.

On the second morning—a Monday, mark you then—thousands were, in the words of a learned contemporary, unable to gain admission. Inside, the front rows were shy of sitting down, as the grass was wet. So the back rows, desiring a view, hurled their cushions at the front rows. When the cushions ran out, they threw tomatoes, apples and cheese sandwiches. The front rows therefore threw them back, and soon the sky was darkened with comestibles. And our Len went on batting, and the stout party went on saying "lovely." And Washbrook, also, went on batting. But no one said much about him. He was just there to run our Len's runs.

Scene: On the Banks of Coniston Water.

Characters: A Susceptible Moorhen and a Bored Moorhen.

S.M.—How I miss Sir Malcolm; so tall and handsome and sunburnt. And his Bluebird; so streamlined, and so very blue.

B.M.—Glad the beggar's gone.

S.M.—How can you speak so?

B.M.—Well; every time he made a trial run, your Aunt Priscilla laid half-a-dozen eggs.

S.M.—Some sacrifice is inevitable in the cause of Science.

B.M.—Science, my-er-beak. Your aunt doesn't need any assistance in laying eggs.

S.M.—I mean, in Sir Malcolm's cause, the Quest for Speed. One day, he will touch 200 m.p.h.

B.M.—And then he'll come back every summer

till he touches 300 m.p.h. Anyhow, who does it matter to how fast a motor-boat can go or not?

S.M.—To the spirit of adventure, you ungrammatical bird.

B.M.—Spirit of fiddlesticks. Besides, look at the journalists it attracts.

S.M.—But I love the journalists. They are so kind and cheerful and well dressed.

B.M.—My God. (Dives.)

S.M.—Sir Malcolm will return. (Dives.)

ESPERANTO JONES, the International Sportsman, has invented an appliance called The Universal Exerciser. It is designed on the same system as the One-Man Band. His first trial of the U.E. was only a qualified success. Something went wrong with the co-ordination of the epicyclic sprockets, and, before he could correct the error, his braces had been torn off and tied in a knot round the knob of the door-handle. At the same moment, the chain attached to the piston of the right-leg extensor caught in his bootlaces and threw him to the ground. In this awkward predicament I found him. He made light of the imbroglio. "It is not easy," he remarked, as I cut through his braces with my nail-scissors, "to be Archimedes and Samson at one and the same moment."

ARSENAL 41; Spurs 39½. The dribbling code comes up for consideration; and I must tell you of a lady's remark overheard last year at the so-called match between Europe and Great Britain. The ball went out of play; a silence fell upon the scene; and, in it, she asked, with sweet but clarion tones: "Tell me, my dear, why do they play so much near the edges?"

I WILL tell you why I wear a hat. Waiting to force my way on to a tram after a Test Match, I heard a small boy say to another: "I tell you, it's 'im. 'E was fielding at square-leg." A dissenting opinion followed. So they followed me upstairs on to the tram, with auto-graph books and piercing eyes. A few minutes later I removed my hat from the baldness beneath. The boys rose to leave the tram. "I told you so, Alf," said the disgusted and original sceptic, "just look at 'is bloomin' 'ead."

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



Lt.-Col. R. K. Chiesman, Major-Gen. I. D. Erskine, the Provost-Marshal, and Major G. D. Pillitz, of the East Surrey Regiment



Mrs. Ian Crebbie, Mrs. J. A. Baillon, wife of the Commander of the Aldershot District, and Mrs. R. Squires



Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, Bt., Col. Fyffe Jamieson, the Hon. Mrs. P. M. Leatham, and Mrs. and Mr. H. Coriat

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

QUITE an interesting study for the sub-historian could be: errors which gave rise to famous false alarms. These, I imagine, would be found to thicken with the approach to our own fortunate day: the typewriter must be responsible for many. I advisedly say the typewriter, not the young lady at it—to err, after all, is human, but what is the good of machines if they do not put one right?

Considerable gloom was caused, in an early year of the war, by a statement of Somerset Maugham's, to this (apparent) effect: "I shall not write any more short stories." This occurred in the author's preface to a collection of stories, *The Mixture As Before*. It transpires now, that what Mr. Maugham had written was, "I shall not write many more short stories." A malignant machine, somewhere, had quietly dropped an *m*. Mr. Maugham's proofs were read for him by his friend Sir Edward Marsh, who posted him a sorrowful enquiry as to this matter: Mr. Maugham (for which, I think, he deserves a rap) neglected to take the matter up, and the preface with the sad mis-statement went through.

If nine out of ten living writers announced their intention of shutting down, even in one department of production, 90 per cent. of us might be left cold. The fact would remain that there are many other writers, that what King Solomon said about the making of books is as true as ever, and that few of us need fear to find ourselves short of something nice and bright for the week-end. But this does not hold good of Somerset Maugham. Silence from

"Creatures of Circumstance" "Treadmill"
"Leave to Presume the Death"
"The Novel Since 1939"

him would be felt at once, sharply—and by, I think, both a wider and a more widely varied circle of readers than any other living writer commands. Had he meant what he seemed to say, as to no more short stories, we could, of course, have consoled ourselves with the thought: "Never mind, that may mean a long run of novels." But the consolation would have been imperfect. Somerset Maugham novels are Somerset Maugham novels—we are not discussing *their* qualities here and now. But Somerset Maugham short stories are unbeatable.

IN the preface to this new collection, *Creatures of Circumstance* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), Mr. Maugham apologises for reappearing—or does this apology, really, dovetail into another, for having misled the reader? At any rate, he exhibits signs of confusion which becomes him, and which he can well afford. He, thereupon, follows up with fifteen stories—stories whose master-art stands out so high and clear that their author should be forgiven for anything. They are the best corrective, the best unconscious snub, to loose, foggy, arty writing that one could find. They have all, before their appearance in this volume, been published in



Fanny Kemble, that eminent stormy petrel of the nineteenth-century theatre, is the subject of *Affectionately Yours, Fanny*, by Henry Gibbs (Jarrolds; 18s.). The book not only gives a full and vivid account of her life, but also explains in unusual detail the conditions of the age and profession in which she lived and worked. The frontispiece is the sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence reproduced above

magazines, which means that they conform (and are not ashamed to do so) to the accepted standards of readability.

Mr. Maugham is convinced there is something inherently wrong with a story *no* magazine will publish; and in this I fear he is right—snootiness on the subject of "commercial standards" is in some quarters going dangerously far. To suggest that the amassing of rejection-slips necessarily and in all cases denotes genius seems to me to be doing young writers a grave disservice. When an MS. comes back, curse the ignorant editor, but, also, take another look at your story—there just conceivably may be something wrong with it. Or, again—always a cheering thought—you may simply have been making a set at the wrong kind of editor: these come in all shades and sizes, so try again. . . . Mr. Maugham loves writing as only the great can love it. Consequently, he is a first-rate debunker of any nonsense about it, a first-rate exponent of common sense. He points out that all the greatest short-story writers—Balzac, Flaubert and Maupassant; Chekov, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling—published their stories in magazines. I don't think he would allow himself this remark if he felt it made, or could make, for any deterioration in the standard of story-writing now.

MR. MAUGHAM, from all that I read, hear and know of him, appears to be the ideal mature writer: he has interest to spare for younger and young practitioners of his own art and trade. To him the two are synonymous—the most damning thing he can say of a writer is that he is "unprofessional."

Benevolence, I must say, does not loom large in Mr. Maugham's actual stories, which, in *Creatures of Circumstance*, convey a remorselessly clear-sighted, not to say cynical, view of humanity. Each tale, here, has both a bite and a plot. The characters are, apparently, not complex—any enemy might call them stock types: seedy Borneo planters; disillusioned ageing ex-beauties; self-deluding colonels; talkative travelling spinsters; "forgotten men"; faded good wives with buried passionate secrets; oppressed suburbans with Freudian daydreams; fuming Spaniards and liquid-eyed Italians equally quick on the gun or knife. But look again—you will find each of these apparently "type" or obvious characters reacting, under pressure of circumstance, in some unforeseeable, therefore dramatic, way.

Situations, like characters, are by him given an unexpected twist. Some of the situations in



Michael Harrison, author of *Treadmill*, reviewed on the opposite page. It is his eleventh novel and twenty-third book. He lives in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, between Leigh Hunt's and Carlyle's houses, and is an expert on *papier-mâché*. During the war he served in the Royal Engineers and Intelligence, and is now at work on three more books, a life of Edgar Allan Poe, a volume on stamp-collecting and a novel. This portrait is from a drawing by Michael Ross

Creatures of Circumstance could be criticised as being "to formula"—e.g., people turning up again, after a lapse of time, in some unlikely corner of the earth; their stories, to which the years have added a further irony, being then pieced together. Or, again, that delusive mask of respectability or quite boring middle-aged self-complacency which so often covers the memory of some crime or passion. One may know by now that any apparent tameness or stodginess in a Somerset Maugham character is to be proved deceptive. And yet, the shock one gets from the *dénouements* of the stories is never less; each sharp, sure, tense narrative holds one, from start to finish.

It is the telling of the stories which is the triumph; the fascination, in a good many cases, lies less in the story's content than in its build or manner. Mr. Maugham, be it said, does often in one sense cheat—a story is, very often, introduced by an "I" (the author himself) who then relates something told him by somebody else about someone else again. Our original "I" is therefore at two removes from the central characters; yet he attributes to them thoughts, conversations and solitary actions of which it is unlikely, if not impossible, that any outsider could ever know. This ought to bother us, but it does not—why? Because Mr. Maugham gives to anything from his pen an absolute and convincing air of reality. The means by which he effects this one does not query.

The lipstick at the end of "Flotsam and Jetsam"; the ruinous unsolved mystery of "The Colonel's Lady"; the tragic case, in "An Episode," of love exhausting itself without having been fulfilled; the fecundity of the baker's wife in "A Hint of Honour," and the blood-curdling laughter in "The Man from Glasgow," all say with one long after one has put down this book. In "The Romantic Young Lady" we have rather more irony than heart-break; while "Winter Cruise" is indelicate comedy delicately told. . . . We have countries, as we have people, here, of all sorts—the Riviera, the Middle West, Greater London, Malay, the France of 1940, Italy, Spain. To his view of the human drama, against whatever background, Mr. Maugham brings fatalism: *Creatures of Circumstance*—could this collection of stories be better named?

COMPARATIVELY few novels—or so say the publishers of *Treadmill* (John Langdon; 8s. 6d.)—have, at least in English, been written round the father-and-son relationship. No, not whole novels, perhaps; but I have the impression that this theme comes into not infrequent play. Usually, however, the father is figured as the repressive influence, the crushing exponent of law and order; while the son is the sensitive victim-hero, baulked by over-strong parental control. In *Treadmill*, a remarkable novel by Michael Harrison, the situation is reversed—it is the son who is the grown-up, the father who is the incurable adolescent.

Eldred Figg, released from the Army after service abroad as a "C man," in 1944, returns to civilian life to grapple once more with his father's affairs. The incorrigible old "Count," with his papal title, spurious charm and stage-Irish brogue, is living in Earl's Court, in that

toppling, crumbling, sub-shabby-genteel rooming-house, 19, Alverstone Gardens, owned by one "Captain" Gaunt. The "Captain," his awful interior and his tenants, with all their little ways, are in themselves studies: 19, Alverstone Gardens, as a composite nightmare, might almost have sprung from the pen of Dickens. The uniformed Miss Floss-Badger and her devoted friend, and Mrs. Arthur Wealby and her forty-year-old "child" Prudence, who are among the occupants of the so-called flatlets, are portrayed with a slashing hand. The "Count" and the "Captain" are monstrous boon companions (*Treadmill* contains many pub scenes).

One cannot wonder that Eldred, arriving into the middle of all this, is confirmed in his original view that humanity is fairly to be divided into parasites and plunderers. Eldred, by birth, is a man of virtue: the father's parasitism, however, forces the son into the role of plunderer. Eldred, before the war, had amassed one fortune by what he describes as immoral but not dishonest means: the Count, needless to say, in his son's absence has succeeded in muddling it all away. So we now see Eldred thrown back on his wits again—he must continue to keep Count Figg in the manner to which the Count has been accustomed.

The Dream City project is dire—and, horribly, not unlikely. *Treadmill* is an unequal book: in its best parts it shows savage inspiration.

"LEAVE TO PRESUME THE DEATH," by Cyril Hall (The Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), is not a mystery story, but rather the story of a mystery. Brice Alaston, brilliant young musician, has disappeared: now, three years later, his wife Esther is asking to be accorded the legal status of a widow. In a lawyer's office, before the suit goes to court, the story of everything leading up to the disappearance has to be reconstructed. Thus does the novel open: we then go back—to Brice's and Esther's marriage; his unacceptable friendship with Axel Klint; his cult for trees, and insistence, in consequence, on leaving London to live in a

house in Suffolk surrounded by extremely sinister woods. There have been dark, damaging hints of "revival of pagan rites"—and certainly Brice, with his frequentation of temple and altar, seems to have started something. . . . This is a disturbing, original if somewhat baffling first novel—with one fierce child in it, Charlotte, who is beautifully drawn.

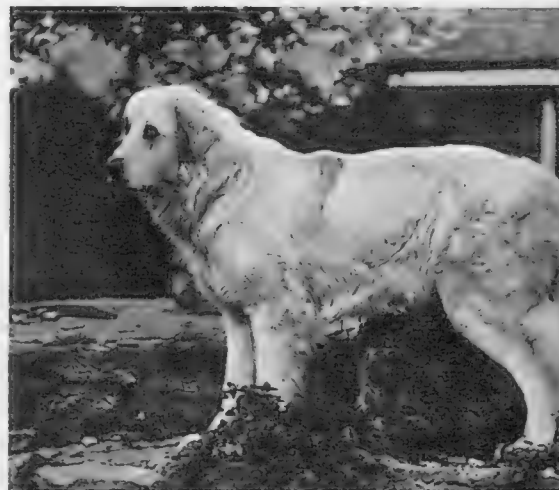
"THE NOVEL SINCE 1939," by Henry Reed, has been published by Longmans, at 2s., for the British Council, as one of the "Arts in Britain" Series. Though intended chiefly to go abroad, this short book is also to be recommended for home consumption. Mr. Reed is not only a poet of high reputation; he is among the foremost of our younger critics. "In the following pages," he says, "I attempt, as fairly as I can, to give a brief picture of how one English reader regards the landscape of the contemporary English novel; allowances must therefore be made for personal idiosyncrasy of taste and judgment." Whether you do or do not agree with Mr. Reed's judgments, you can hardly fail to be interested by what he says, or to admire the lively and graceful clearness of his style.

Ladies' Kennel Assocⁿ Notes

At this year's general meeting of the Association new members elected to the Committee were Lady Russell, Mrs. Grosvenor Workman, Mrs. Douglas Clark, Mrs. P. Lucas and Mrs. Hewitt Pitt. Notes should be sent to Miss Bruce, Redcastle, Killearnan, Ross-shire



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Cox — Boosey

Lt. David Cox, R.N., eldest son of Mr. Douglas Cox, of Guildford, Surrey, married Miss Torfrida Boosey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Boosey, of Bourne Orchard, Hertford, at St. Mary's Church, Brayford, Herts.



Wyndham — Wyndham-Quin

The Duchess of Gloucester attended the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. John Wyndham, son of Col. the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Wyndham, of 18, Orchard Court, Portman Square, London, W.1, and Miss Pamela Wyndham-Quin, daughter of Capt. the Hon. Valentine and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, of Swallet House, Christian Melford, Chippingham, Wiltshire

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



MacKintosh — Cochrane

Mr. Angus Mackay MacKintosh, son of the late Mr. Angus MacKintosh, J.P., and Mrs. C. MacKintosh, of 1, Ramsay Gardens, Edinburgh, married Miss Robina Marigold Cochrane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cochrane, of 13, Draycott Place, London, S.W.3, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



McCorquodale — Turnor

Mr. Alastair McCorquodale, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McCorquodale, of Hatfield Place, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, married Miss Rosemary Turnor, elder daughter of Major H. B. and Lady Enid Turnor, of Little Ponton Hall, Grantham, Lincolnshire, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Freeman-Attwood — Mostyn-Owen

Capt. H. W. Freeman-Attwood, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Mr. H. A. Freeman-Attwood and of Mrs. Freeman-Attwood, of the Red House, Camberley, Surrey, married Miss Elizabeth Mostyn-Owen, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. Mostyn-Owen and of Mrs. Mostyn-Owen, of Woodhouse, Oswestry, Shropshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



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PAGE
by
Winifred
Lewis



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Josephine Carmen Fay Druker, eldest daughter of Mrs. Rupert Glaskie, of 56 Albert Hall Mansions, Kensington, whose engagement is announced to Captain Jeffery Grennan, M.C., the Royal Ulster Rifles, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Grennan of Grassendale, Liverpool



Miss Margaret Veronica Roynon-Jones, daughter of Captain (R.N.) and Mrs. E. Roynon-Jones, of Edinburgh, who is to be married this month to Mr. Frank Bruce Perry, son of Mr. F. E. Perry of Dinas Powis, Cardiff, and of Mrs. Orr, of Sunbury-on-Thames



Hartip

Miss Elizabeth Hanbury, second daughter of Major and Mrs. Philip Hanbury, of Brownslow, Great Budworth, Cheshire, who is to be married in September to Major Simon Arnold Haydon White, Irish Guards, elder son of Major H. B. H. White, D.S.O. and Mrs. White, of the Old Parsonage, Sutton Vallance, Maidstone, Kent



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Ann Ferguson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, of Busbridge Wood, Godalming, Surrey, whose engagement has recently been announced to Lt. Michael Walker, R.N.R., only son of Captain and Mrs. Ronald Walker, of Osberton, Grange, Worksop, Nottinghamshire



Navana

Miss C. A. Holgate, only daughter of the late Lt. Col. M. J. Holgate, O.B.E. and Mrs. Holgate, of Blythewood, Camberley, Surrey, who is to marry Mr. C. J. Jenkins, second son of Mr. G. J. Jenkins, O.B.E. and Mrs. Jenkins, of Maadi, Cairo



Pearl Freeman

Miss June Patricia Matheus, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. K. Matheus, of Bartra, 56 Eglinton Road, Dublin who is marrying in September, Mr. Philip Crawshaw, twin son of Mr. R. Crawshaw, of 7 Baird's Hill, Broadstairs, and of the late Mrs. Crawshaw

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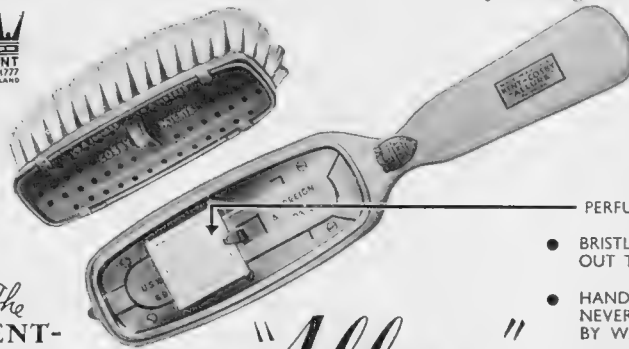
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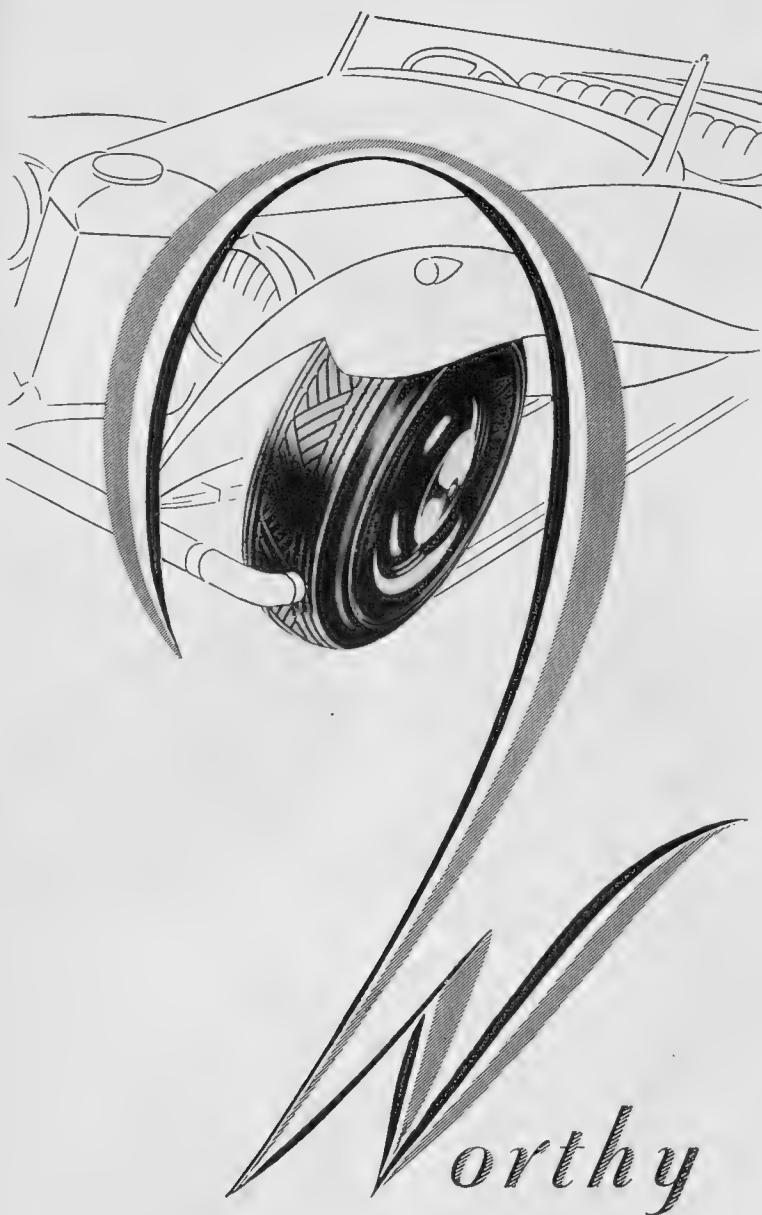
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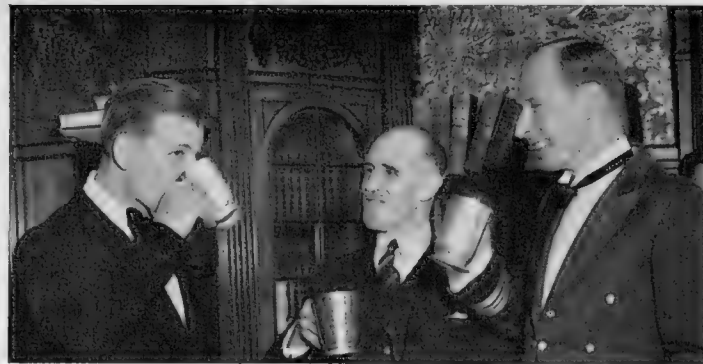


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"The Aspiant Society" of former members of 91 Air Stores Park, R.A.F., held their first annual dinner at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, to celebrate service in Bengal, Malaya and Japan. The guests above are S/Ldr. J. B. Quarrington (first C.O.), F/Lt. L. Galvin, D.C.M. and S/Ldr. S. Young-James (C.O. 1944-46) the president

Oliver Stewart on FLYING

ONE of the curiosities of aviation is concerned with geometrical shapes; with the shapes of wings, of tailplanes, of rudders and of fins. At one moment the fashion favours short, stubby fins; at another tall, slim fins and at another long, slender (dorsal) fins. It is the same with wings.

An aircraft may begin with medium span, slim wings. Then someone will have the bright idea of carving pieces off the ends and there comes into existence the "clipped wing" version. After that someone else has the bright idea of sticking extensions on the ends and there comes into existence the large span version.

And for each change there are hosts of reasons. The clipped wing version is quicker in roll. The large span version is better at height. The long low fin gives improved weathercock stability. The tall slim fin gives greater resistance to spinning.

To the ordinary beholder it is all most puzzling. There seems to be no "good" shape for wing or fin and no "bad" shape. In short the shapes of these parts are a matter of fashion rather than of reason—and that in spite of the fact that they are surrounded by impressive mathematical formulæ.

Visibility Good

IT was a generous gesture of the American aviation papers to give credit to the large windows of the de Havilland Dove. They compared them with the small portholes commonly fitted to many American machines and mentioned how much pleasanter it is for the passenger to sit alongside a large window.

Here is a matter on which I have always had strong views. I hate being encased in a fuselage with pinhole portholes. The dimness is unpleasant and, to one who has done much flying, the smallness of the apertures is a continuous threat of being trapped in a crash.

I hope that the designers of pressurized cabins will bear in mind the ordinary passenger's preference for large windows. For in these cabins the technical problems make the provision of large windows more difficult than in non-pressurized cabins and there might be an undesirable tendency to take the easy way out. In fact an engineer of renown has already suggested to me that the cabins of the pressurized aircraft of the future will all be lit by means of fluorescent tubes. They will never, he said, rely on natural lighting. It is a horrid prospect.

Watching the Liners

WEIRD and wonderful are the reactions of the British public. They refused to go in any numbers to the Blackpool air meeting, which was replete with every sort of air spectacle, and they flocked to Heathrow and Northolt for the ordinary comings and goings of ordinary air liners.

The attendance figures were not much different. Of course the entrance fees were different, for the London Aerodrome public enclosure charge is only 3d. But that alone can hardly be held to account for the preference.

It is a good sign that people find time and interest to go to the commercial airports and I am glad to know that at Northolt steps have been taken to provide them with additional attractions. There is a sort of conducted tour which takes visitors to the control and meteorological centres and to the aircraft at their dispersal points.

Then it seems that the flights, which cost 17s. 6d. each, are extremely popular, being fairly extended flights over the London district. Altogether it appears that London's main airports are on the way to becoming showpieces.

Future of the Clubs

I HAVE been taken up about some remarks I made the other day about the London Aeroplane Club and its absorption by the de Havilland Aeronautical Technical School. It has been pointed out to me that the London Club was not, strictly speaking, independent, and that it had long been associated with the de Havilland Company.

That may be true; but I still think that it had a larger freedom of action than it can expect to have in the future. As I said before the gesture is most generous and most opportune. It would be ungrateful to cavil about it. But we do want as many really independent organizations as possible in aviation today.

Let us hope that the ultra-light people have the good sense to refuse subsidies even if they are offered, to refuse Ministerial help even if it is offered, and to try to stand on their own feet. This course would inevitably lead to a struggle for existence. It would also lead to the movement being extremely restricted for a time. But, I am confident that it would produce the most satisfactory results.

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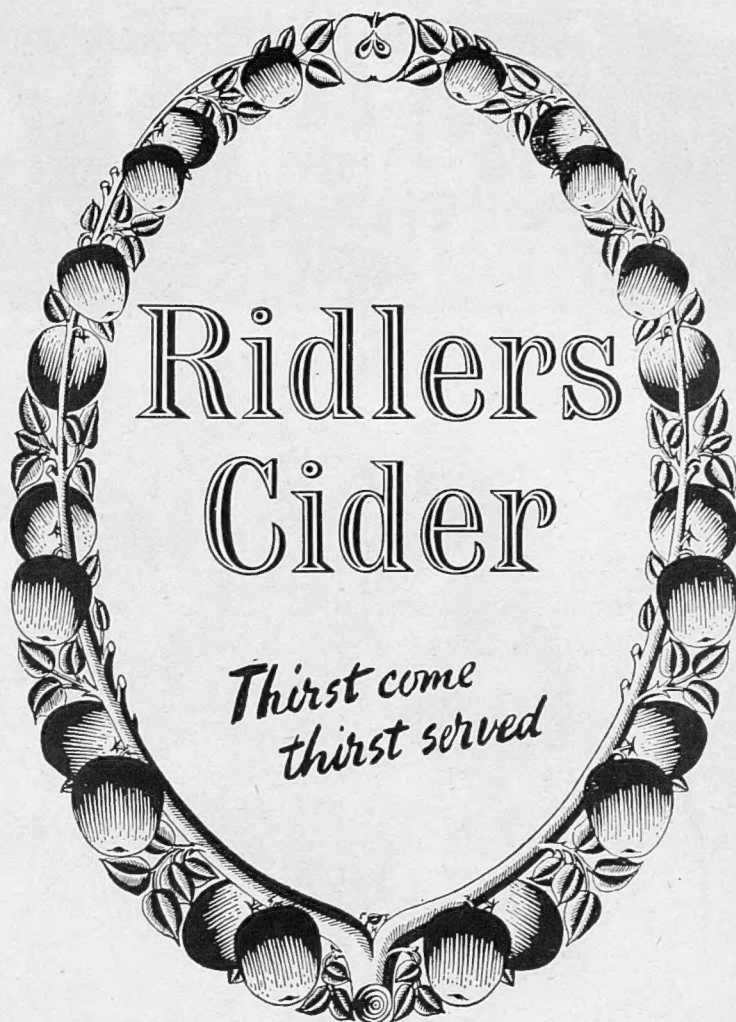
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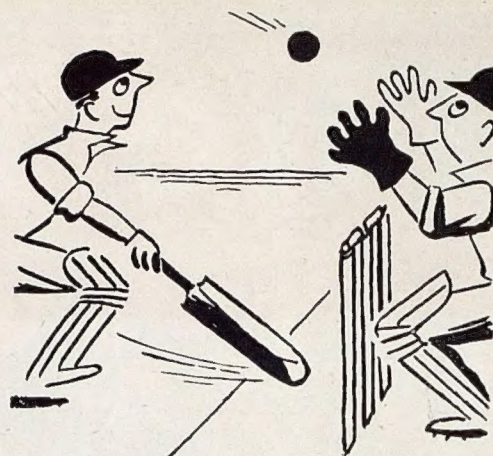
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'Oh well played, Sir! A piece of cake!'

But still one thing to make the day,

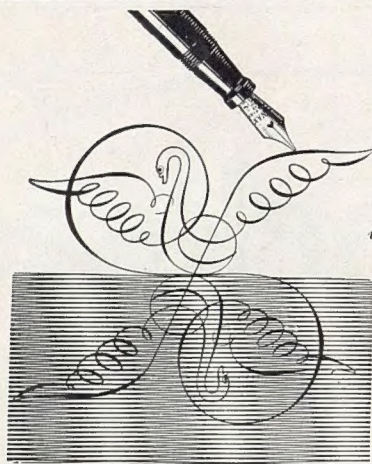
A perfect one in every way;

And that we can attain with ease....

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Twice...

but thrice happy are they
who smoke ...

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3

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